JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXV. 1983

3D EVERY THURSDAY

NOW IS THE TIME... by the EDITOR

WORLD UNITY by SWAFFER

THE DAWN OF FREEDOM by A.C.G.

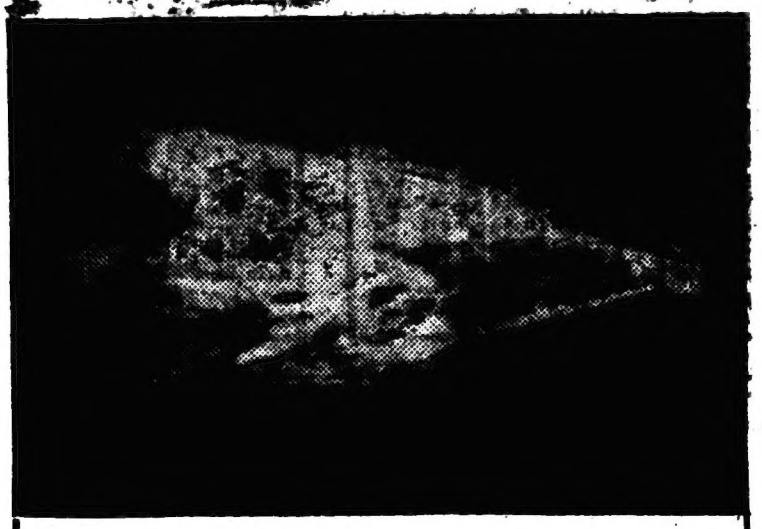
**The face of a man
in battle is firm,
resolute, unfaltering,
He has to be
that kind of man.
We, who back him up,
have to be
that kind of people.
We also must be firm,
resolute
in self-denying effort—
to SALUTE
THE FIGHTING FORCES
with more
and yet more saving!**

Issued by the National Savings Committee

My goodness-

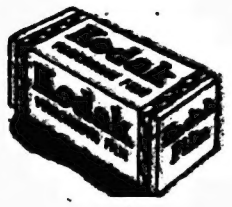
There's nothing like
a Guinness when
you're tired

G.S.1231/C



KODAK FILM is helping to design better aero engines

Illustration is from a cine film made by Kodak's super-speed camera at 2,500 pictures a second. The film shows various aircraft fuel injection jets in action. On the screen the action can be studied in ultra-slow motion and this has enabled the jet with the best fuel distribution to be selected. If you have difficulty in getting 'Kodak' Film, one reason is because vast quantities are needed for vital work in industry.



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Here is glamorous beauty for those precious moments when you want to look entrancingly lovely—the exclusive "mousse of cream" ingredient in Poudre Tokalon imparts radiant loveliness that lingers intriguingly!

Stays on all day. Full range of glamorous shades.

FOOD FACTS

The Housewife's part

A year ago, when our merchant seamen were fighting for their lives against the U-Boat packs, every one at home joined in the battle by cutting down food-waste. Tens of thousands of tons were saved by the British housewife.

The need is just as great today. Lives are still at stake. Not only ships, but trains and lorries too, are wanted for the arms and reinforcements that will support our fighting men on their way to Berlin. Road transport is needed even for foods we grow here. It's a matter of wheels as well as keels. Not a foot of space can be spared for food that is thrown away.

Save fat by converting scraps of meat fat into cooking fat, and clarifying dripping so that it can be used for frying and for making pastry.

Trim the fat off the meat before cooking. Cut the scraps up small and put in a tin in a cool oven. When melted, strain off the fat carefully from the dried up bits of meat and pour into a bowl. This makes fat for pastry and puddings and can be used with half margarine for cakes.

To clarify dripping, cut it up, put it in a saucepan, cover with cold water and bring to the boil. Pour into a bowl and let it get cold. Now lift off the hard white lid which has formed, scrape away any meat from the underside, and melt the fat gently, heating it till it stops bubbling. This is to remove any remaining water. If any water is left the fat won't stay fresh. Pour into a bowl and use as needed.

Save bread by allowing new bread to become quite cold before putting it into the bread bin: Using bread when it is 24 hours old, and never when it is new, because you get more slices to the loaf: Using stale bread for browned breadcrumbs, rusks for children, bread pudding, sweet or savoury, for thickening soups, as breakfast cereal, or (soaked in water and squeezed out) for stuffing: By keeping it in a clean, dry bin swathed in a clean cloth: By not eating it at the same meal as pastry.

Save potatoes by taking a little more trouble in preparation. Now that we are at the end of the season, potatoes need rather more care in peeling but peel them *thinly*. Heavy peeling wastes a quarter of the potato before you start, whenever possible don't peel them at all — their skins them more valuable as a food, and keeps the flavour too.

LISTEN to the KITCHEN FRONT TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

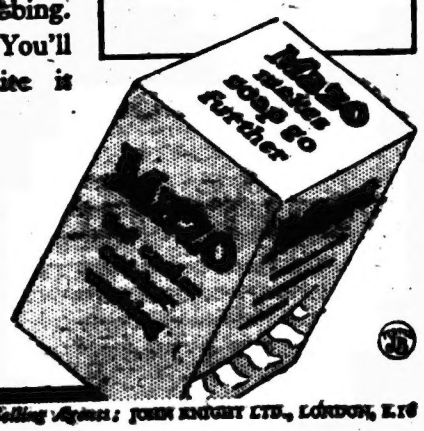
THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 205

Save ½ bar of soap every washday!

Mazo peps up soap. Makes it lather better, work harder, go further. If your weekly wash is fairly large you can save half a bar of soap every washday. Mazo therefore saves your soap coupons. It saves your clothes as well, because the rich sudsy Mazo lather loosens dirt quickly and without hard rubbing. Make a test of Mazo. You'll be amazed how white it makes the clothes.

MAZO

GOOD VALUE! 3 PACKETS (9½d) FOR ONLY 1 COUPON



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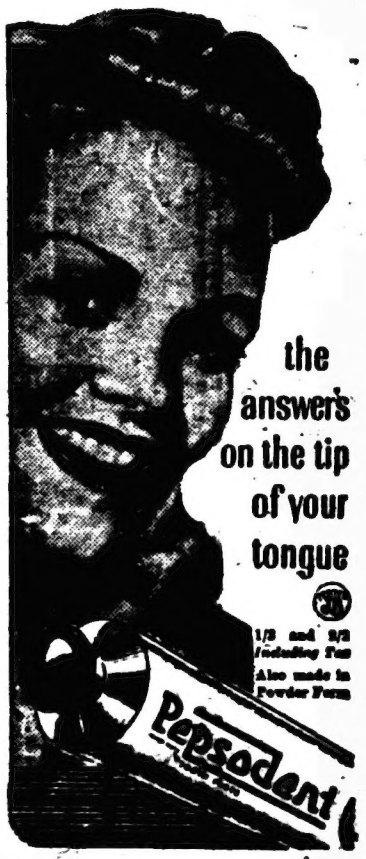
Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleansing Irium has flushed stain-collecting film clean away.



NEW HOUSES

are not being built yet . . . . what about buying the house you are renting?

Your landlord may be willing to sell you the house in which you live. Consider the advantages. You *know* the house. You avoid the worry of house-hunting and the expense of moving. The price may in *your case* be as favourable now as at any time for years. So if you want to make sure of a home now talk the matter over with your landlord. We are very willing to help you; ask for our Home Ownership booklet.

ABBEY NATIONAL BUILDING SOCIETY

HEAD OFFICE: ABBEY HOUSE, BAKER STREET, LONDON, N.W.1
Chief City Office: National House, Moorgate, London, E.C.2

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, June 17, 1944,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

NEWS FROM HOME

● One thing about the Invasion hasn't been reported—its effect on industry.

Usually, big news is bad for production. Men and women become excited, and therefore less accurate at their job. Or work slows down because they pause to talk.

That didn't happen this time, though the news was the greatest for years.

"Production absolutely up to standard," one munitions firm tells JOHN BULL.

"If anything, output has been above average since June 6," is the report from a vast engineering factory.

"Our people have volunteered to work more overtime, though we've been able to tell them that this won't be necessary," says a third manager.

Other firms questioned by us tell the same tale. Which, in our view, is also important news.

It suggests, as strikingly as the absence of cheering crowds on the morning of D-Day, that the men and women on the Home Front have a grimly realistic appreciation of the mighty enterprise begun by the Allied glider pilots. It is fair that the men on the Western Front should know it.

Straight from the Shoulder

IT GOES WELL

THIS is a critical week. As the full weight of the enemy is swung into counter-attack the task of holding our gains enters its most difficult stage.

But our prospects are bright. It can be said that the battle goes well for us.

One Month

By this time next month we shall have got the enemy's measure. We shall have gauged his strength in armour and aircraft, assessed his skill in tactics, probed his reserves of oil and materials, and discovered the worst he can do in the form of retaliation.

And it is now, when we are still engaged in building up our initial forces, that he must crush us or resign himself to a position of inferiority.

Large Forces

Already our gains are great. Our hold on the coast is firm.

To say that we have landed considerable forces is a shade too modest a claim. We have landed very large forces.

Sky Dominance

Wing after wing of bombers drone over the fine roads and lovely woods of Normandy to blast the enemy's columns.

Six hundred square miles of that countryside are covered by our fighter 'planes. From dawn to dusk there is not a moment when at least two hundred of them are screaming above the battlefield.

At last the *Luftwaffe* must fight or perish. And in fighting it is slowly perishing.

In Depth

By glider descents far inland from the blood-stained beaches, our sky troops have thrust thorns into Rommel's side.

Even if some of their positions cannot be sustained, they will have served their purpose by creating temporary obstacles to his freedom of movement.

Heavy Cargo

Our brightly lit gliders carry other cargo. Supplies of food, petrol, medical necessities—of course. And also jeeps, ammunition, guns of a type the enemy has not encountered before.

Moving Harbours

Escorting Beaufighters are armed with rockets deadlier than bombs.

By sea have gone monstrous craft which have made it possible for a time to dispense with the concrete quays by which heavy equipment is usually landed.

But, though we have been able to unload tanks on the beaches, it is urgently important to seize a port where armoured divisions can swiftly disembark.

Main Object

Cherbourg would provide the facilities we need. So would Le Havre. Both are within the sphere of our landings.

Indeed, it is clear that we mean to cut off the whole of the Cherbourg peninsula. We hoped to make it our base in the dark days of 1940 when the French army was reeling back; we were foiled by the German drive to the Channel ports which isolated our forces.

Channel Bulwark

The Channel Islands would have protected our flank. They will protect it in the weeks to come.

None will be more relieved to see our troops than the islanders. Their rations have been but 2½ pounds of bread a week, 2 ounces of meat every six weeks, coffee of crushed acorns; they have had no butter for months, no potatoes since last September. Now, to them as to the French, the long night of suffering is ending.

Surprise

Undoubtedly the greatest surprise in this war of surprises is that we succeeded in surprising the enemy by our assault.

He did not expect us to choose a harbourless coast. Nor could he have dreamt that Eisenhower would take the great but justified risk of launching his armada on a choppy sea at low tide.

And Eisenhower must have been pleasantly astonished by the enemy's delay in counter-attacking.

Two Reasons

At first, we may assume, Von Rundstedt waited to make sure that the assault was not a feint. Then, it is certain, delay was forced upon him because our bombers had destroyed the bridges across the Seine and the Orne.

But in the last week he has sought to make good his delay. "The battle," as Mr. Churchill has said, "will grow constantly in scope and intensity."

Concentrated

Once again we begin a period of blood and tears, toil and sweat. But at least it has begun auspiciously, with more causes for satisfaction than the Supreme Command can be expected to make public.

The fighting will be concentrated, more so than any seen previously in this war. We shall see scores of divisions engaged in a small area before the enemy counter-attack is dispersed and the zone of operations extended. Extend it we shall!

"THE GERMANS MAY WELL RELEASE GAS OVER THIS COUNTRY"—

Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood

"John Bull" offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against AIR RAIDS, GAS ATTACKS, INVASION AND BOMBARDMENT.

Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Next on the List?

All Europe must become our battlefield.

British troops must fight again in the rocky defiles of heroic Greece. The shelling of its island outposts must be followed by invasion.

Indeed, the whole of the Balkans is due for deliverance.

Alexander's Triumph

In Italy, Alexander has won a greater triumph than the taking of Rome. His adversary's army is sacrificing its equipment in its retreat; no longer is it capable of a Cassino.

It may well be forced to withdraw into Germany in order to regroup and re-equip its shattered divisions.

The Other Side

So far, its rearguards have been engaging the Eighth Army. But the Fifth is rapidly clearing the mines and other obstructions in its way.

Soon, therefore, the Eighth may be disengaged.

And across the Adriatic, Albania and Yugoslavia offer fresh opportunities for Allied successes.

Biggest Ever

Above all, look at the map of Eastern Europe.

Vast developments are shaping on the Russian front. The Red Army is determined that its summer offensive shall be its greatest and final stroke of the war.

Then and Now

We have returned to France almost to the day when, four years ago, Pétain sold his birthright to the enemy in exchange for shame and ignominy.

So our Russian friends, in the week when the enemy once assembled on their frontier to begin the invasion, are now massed to sweep not only across Rumania but through Poland to Germany itself. Perhaps the R.A.F. as well as American bombers will be there to help them!

Rapid Retreat

Finally, there is the Far East. Here, too, it goes well for us.

Kohima, vital base on the Burma-Assam front, is in our hands. The enemy is in full and fast retreat from the Indian border.

In a campaign designed to sap the life-lines of our Chindits expedition, he has gained nothing and lost much.

MacA. Again

In the Central Pacific General MacArthur is steadily blowing up the bulwarks of the Japanese Empire; in a steamy island off Dutch New Guinea his troops have stormed through the mountains to capture an airfield from which the Philippines can be bombed.

Thus is his revenge for Bataan approaching.

In the Wash

So, steadily, Japanese power is shrinking—even before it can be countered by the total Allied strength which, however costly the main battles will be, assures us of success.

High commanders now in London are as pleased with the situation in the Far East as they are confident of victory in the West.

Brothers-in-Arms

They have the assurance, moreover, that never before has such close military collaboration existed between the forces of very different countries.

There are no British or American or Canadian armies in France. There is one Allied Expeditionary Force. And the Russian sledge-hammer blows conform to the common design worked out in the winter sunshine of Teheran.

Real Unity

Now must we ensure that the unity manifest in the fields of battle are not less evident in the council chamber.

What has been achieved in military affairs should be extended to diplomacy; in future the Allies should speak with one voice on international policy—as, indeed, they are now likely to do regarding the armistice terms for Germany.

To look farther ahead, should we not also aim at international unity on affairs of peace—from food to finance, from policing the world to air transport? Unless we do so, the battles now raging may be robbed of much of their significance.

(Continued overleaf)

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

ONE of the most striking invasion phenomena has been the flood of descriptive writing that has poured back from the battle grounds. D-day wasn't 48 hours old before a quarter of a million words had been cabled through this country. The flood hasn't abated.

While the fighting men have been tackling the hardest job of their lives the newspapers have carried out their own task. The thrilling story has been told in all its colour.

R.A.F. Had It

But pictures? There the public could have been better served.

It is true that the R.A.F., which had given us some of the finest pictures of the war, took some really memorable photographs of the landings.

And the Air Ministry, which presumably knows quite a lot about national security, passed them as fit for publication. But——

Murder

Then some of the timid "dug-outs" of the Censorship office decided that they were better judges of national safety than the men who kept Britain safe in the touch-and-go days of 1940.

And those brilliant pictures were just "killed." Perhaps we shall be allowed to see them on the day peace is declared!

Good for Them

Meanwhile, our American friends have come to the rescue. There are plenty of pictures taken by American photographers to choose from. Which is just as well.

But we still think it a pity that excellent British material should be withheld from the public by a few faint-hearts.

What of Home

It's been inevitable that reactions on the home front have got little space. What have we all been thinking? How have we helped?

The first day or two brought a lifting of suspense. It was almost as if a sigh ran through the country. It had started.

Those Who Waited

Then the public houses filled. With so much going on so near at hand the daily routine seemed impossible.

There was a school atmosphere. The first team in the match of the season and those who had no hope of playing keen to join in the talk. A trivial comparison with men shedding their blood in thousands? Think of a better for the days plus-D.

Another Spurt

But soon we were settled down again. Nearly five years of war have brought their discipline. Home Guards have gone on with their exercises with a fresh enthusiasm; the lathes have been humming at top speed; on the land not a moment has been lost.

The Home Front has done its duty.

Property, Property, Property

Behind all the excitement a little (but profitable) bit of feudalism came into its own recently.

Between Cardiff and Penarth, on the road linking the city with its seaside suburb, the tollgate still functions. Often Cardiff Corporation has tried to buy the road from the private company which owns it. Cardiff has paid as much as £2,000 a year for the Corporation 'buses to pass along.

The Last Toll

Most people, resenting the toll, use the longer, more dangerous route over Llandough Hill. Even now petrol and tyres are being wasted over the extra mileage.

But the other day the relatives of Flight-Lieutenant John Metcalf, of Sully, Glamorganshire, were stopped at the tollgate. They were taking the dead airman—a night fighter pilot—on his last journey home. He had given his life for his country. The toll had to be paid.

Looking Ahead

The Board of Trade is now busy sifting the ideas of industrialists on what they'd like to see in the change-over to peace. Already one idea is predominating. The trade chiefs don't want to see newcomers allowed into their businesses until the men in the Forces have first had their chance to get re-established.

No one can quarrel with that—except the dodgers who are lying low and plotting while everyone else is working or fighting.

Bottled

Incidentally, the Board of Trade might be interested in the adventures of a bottle of liquid paraffin. A reader who lives at Hadleigh, in Essex, bought it from a private shop for 1s. 6d., with 2d. on the bottle.

He had it refilled at a combine store for 9½d., and, some time later, had it refilled again for 7½d. at another branch owned by the same combine. He decided it was cheaper to spend 8d. on 'bus fares and patronise this last place.

Control—

To go back for one moment to the trade chiefs and their suggestions for the Board of Trade. They seem to be anxious to get rid of post-war controls as soon as possible, though they recognise the need for them in some industries.

—or Chaos

Building is most certainly one. We've just had a timely warning from Mr. R. Coppock, of the National Federation of Building Trade Operatives. Without control of building costs, he forecasts, an adequate housing programme will involve expenditure of £500,000,000 or more in each of the five years after the war.

They're Interested

We want the right sort of control. Not the sort threatened by two local leaders, one a mayor and the other the chairman of a rural district council. They have said that they are determined to fight against the erection of prefabricated houses.

They weren't referring to the steel houses recently on view, but to any house built on different lines from the old pre-war types.

Both men are in the building trade.

Good Mixture

Last week the House of Lords had some useful comments to make on the already well-debated Education Bill. Once again the value of the Upper House, with its judicial calm, was demonstrated, though the war news eclipsed the discussion.

Some of the very best debates of the war have come from the Lords. There, landed gentry of the old school mingle profitably with the peers who have climbed through industrial good-management.

Out of the Swim

A tiny but important point in education came out recently when the coroner for South-East Somerset spoke of his amazement when he heard of five people bathing in a river—and not one of them could swim.

After the war, when teachers are not quite such universal providers as they have to be now, we'd like to see compulsory swimming classes in every school.

Mean-Minded

The strange thing is that the proportion of swimmers in the country is much less than in the towns. It's easy to go to the baths, but farmers are often very mean-minded about allowing children to use the rivers that go through their land. Practice in the canals—under proper supervision—would be better than nothing.

Preaching and Practice

At a certain town in the Midlands enthusiasm runs high for foreign missionary work. Much money is still raised for the conversion of the heathen.

In this same town an industrial canteen has to employ special part-time staff. They pretend to have meals, but their job is to spot people who so far forget the Christian precepts as to walk off with the crockery and cutlery.

With a Difference

Another bad example of the difference between preaching and practice came to light last week. Thousands of Army papers have been blowing about the streets of South-West London. They came from a dump on some waste land where they'd been put after an Army stationery store had been damaged by air attack.

Many, many tons of precious paper are said to have been lost. No doubt the salvage publicity people are working out the number of cartridge cases that could have been made.

★ GOOD LINES ★

—came from actress Sybil Thorndike at the demonstration in favour of equal pay for women. "In my profession," she said, "the very idea of paying women less than men simply because they happen to be women strikes us as quite absurd."

Unfortunately, most employers see no absurdity in the present inequality. They think it's very sensible because it helps to ensure cheap labour. But, like Dame Sybil, we shall keep pegging away at the opposite view.

They're Not—

JOHN BULL shares the popular sense of wonder at the skill and efficiency of our police. But JOHN BULL is getting a bit tired of the magistrates who cannot believe that a police officer could make a mistake in evidence.

—Always Right

Many ex-policemen are now employed by the Government on inquiries into Black Market offences and so on. There seems a tendency to accept their evidence without question in the local courts.

That is not the tendency in the High Courts. From time to time there police evidence is shown to be as fallible as any other.

Gratitude

A fortnight ago we told the story of a woman reader who was refused the usual £50 income tax allowance for her two children. Their father—the man she loved but could not marry—is fighting in the Middle East. We took up the case and won. The mother herself now ends the story. . . .

"Thank you very much for all you have done," she's written, "everything has been settled up and I am now entitled to the allowance for the children. Am enclosing £5. Would you please put it to the War Sufferers' Fund for me?"

What the Sergeant Said

A sergeant in the Mediterranean area and his friend in Wilmslow kept up a correspondence for eighteen months. In one of his letters the Cheshire man mentioned how difficult it was to get shoe polish.

"No need to worry," the sergeant wrote back. "Get a banana and rub the inside of the skin over your shoes. It's as effective as any polish."

The correspondence is now closed.

BEHIND THE NEWS

- **Most important of the secret devices used in the invasion was a "killer" of beach obstructions and anti-tank traps.**
- *It was tried out by experts on the American coast!*
- Hardly less valuable—or fantastic in design—were devices which enabled certain essential equipment to be moved ashore.
- *As for the enemy's claim that we have used no secret weapons, his disappointment is not likely to last long.*
- **Allied entry of Rome was some weeks in advance of schedule.**
- Triumphant entry was planned for General Alexander. But Alexander isn't that kind of general. He preferred to go on chasing the Germans.
- **New promise of a fair deal for Service people after the war is expected to be given by the Prime Minister.**

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

NOW IS THE TIME . . .

WILL our wounded in the present vast operations—and others yet to come—be sure of a fair pension deal from British officialdom?

Now, surely, is the time to remove all doubts concerning the treatment of our war disabled. For the present doubts are painfully justified.

In the name of the public, shattered ex-Servicemen are being denied 10s. a week to enable them to carry on the grim business of life.

They are men for whose grave disabilities the State has admitted its responsibilities. They have been awarded full pension, though not always without a fight.

Such are the wounds they have received or the diseases they have contracted on war service that they cannot work. To use that word of hideous memories, they are "unemployable."

In these circumstances, Officialdom is empowered to make them a special allowance of 10s. a week. But, judging from cases brought to our notice, this is precisely what Officialdom appears reluctant to do.

A man who joined the Army within a few weeks of the outbreak of war was sent to Palestine in January, 1940. He saw action in Iraq, Syria and the Western Desert.

After two and a half years' service he was injured, and while lying in a South African base hospital he was found to be suffering from nephritis.

Because of the lack of treatment in its early stages the disease had reached an acute stage, and after many months in hospital the patient had to be discharged from the Army.

At first, the Ministry of Pensions would grant him only a 40 per cent. pension—and that in respect of a leg injury. But after he had been taken off to hospital again, seriously ill, the Ministry took heed of his nephritis and raised his pension to 100 per cent.

He left hospital a year ago. He hasn't worked since. His doctor states that it is doubtful if he will ever be fit for normal work again.

In a word, he is "unemployable." But he cannot get that extra "unemployable" allowance. He needs it, for his wife is expecting her first baby soon.

Or consider the case of another JOHN BULL reader whose name, for pity's sake, we shall not reveal.

A Devon man, he is an ex-corporal of a famous county regiment. He served in France and Belgium. He survived Dunkirk to fight in Tunis.

LAST year he was invalided out with disseminated sclerosis. That is a disease in which hardened patches appear in the brain. It causes tremors and paralysis, and within a few years the patient becomes a confirmed invalid.

There is no satisfactory treatment. Recovery is so rare as to be a wild improbability.

In view of our reader's seven years' service the Ministry of Pensions could not refuse him a pension at the full rate.

But though he is finding it hard to maintain his two children, though he cannot work and in all likelihood will never be able to work, the Ministry still quibbles at his claim for extra allowance.

Quibbling is the word we shall use. Some people might be tempted to use a harsher phrase.

For the Ministry is ingenious in a way that does it little credit.

In the Royal Warrant issued in December last year it was laid down that the pension supplementation of 10s. a week should apply to men who, because of their disabilities, were "unemployable." And the same clause appears in the Royal Warrant issued only a few days ago.

But this wording, in a document issued under the authority of the King, is inconvenient to the Ministry. And so it takes its stand on a White Paper—which, of course, does not have to carry the authority of the King—that was issued long ago!

In this White Paper, conveniently enough, appears a hint that cases will be rare in which a man becomes employable again after having been considered suitable for the special payment due to an unemployable man.

So the Ministry is insisting that a man must be *permanently* unemployable before he can receive the special payment.

And, as you may judge by the two cases quoted above, the Ministry is not liberal in its interpretation of the word *permanently*.

A man may not have worked for years. His doctor may certify that he cannot reasonably be expected ever to be fit for work. But he will find it hard to overcome the scepticism of the frugal, clever gentry of Great Smith Street.

That is why men who have lost both legs, and as a result have lost their confidence to start life afresh, are often denied the unemployable allowance.

That is why Mr. Mullan has been unable so far to convince the authorities that he is a deserving case.

He was a regular soldier who enlisted in March, 1925. After serving with the B.E.F. in France during the fateful Spring of 1940, he was invalided out soon after Dunkirk.

Though he had been A1 on joining the Army, the Ministry washed its soft white hands of him.

Without a pension, he could not properly support his wife and four young children. Debts piled up.

Work? How could he work? He was suffering from arthritis of the spine, and could hobble about only with the aid of sticks.

After more than a year of poverty and pain he was awarded a 50 per cent. pension. That, you may feel, could hardly be described as generous.

And his condition became worse. A year ago, having spent another eight months in hospital, he was told by the doctors that nothing more could be done for him—except to be put in a spinal jacket of steel.

Eventually his pension was made up to the full rate. But the extra allowance of 10s. a week was sternly refused.

To the Ministry, evidently, there's nothing unemployable about a man who has been unfit for work for four years and who is encased in a steel jacket.

Then there's a Burton-on-Trent reader, discharged from the Forces eighteen months ago with pulmonary tuberculosis. He has a wife, twin babies and another child to maintain. He cannot work, and so has had to borrow to buy a cot for the babies. The doctors do not know when or if he will be able to work again.

But a man with tuberculosis of the lungs isn't unemployable—according to the Ministry of Pensions.

JOHN BULL has other views, and we have expressed them bluntly in letter after letter to the Ministry.

It may be that we are wrong. It may be that the British public, which makes no murmur when parting with an additional thousand million pounds for war purposes, would begrudge paying an additional 10s. a week to men who have been so maimed by war that they cannot work.

But we don't think so. We have too often seen evidence of the unquenchable generosity of the public, and too often received public support in our years of campaigning for pensioners' rights to believe that the parsimonious quibbling of Officialdom pleases the British people.

Our own position in this affair should be equally clear to the ingenious Bumbles of Great Smith Street.

We shall not give way. We shall not cease to attack them so long as they seek to save shillings at the expense of war-shattered men. Nor shall we cease to give their victims all the assistance in our power.

Recognise de Gaulle and Save French Lives!

TO me, the reluctance to recognise General de Gaulle's National Committee as the Provisional Government of France is inexplicable.

One day Downing Street and the White House will have to do so, anyhow. To delay means something more than the loss of French moral sympathy.

By recognising de Gaulle we may save thousands of particularly valuable, because particularly heroic, French lives.

You see, our official recognition would provide the French resisters with belligerent rights under international law.

★ ★ ★

It is true that Hitler and his gangsters have often ignored written international law and even the unwritten elementary rules of humanity.

But they have also shown that, when afraid of effective retaliation, they can also comply with certain international regulations—*e.g.*, of the Geneva Convention of 1929 regarding prisoners of war.

Now there is a Hague Convention of 1907 on the "Laws and Customs of War" which the Germans invoke when it suits them, and to which even Pétain and Laval recently referred when they secretly instructed their Prefects to assist the Germans against the landing Allied forces.

General de Gaulle

By continuing to consider the gang of Vichy as a government, by refusing to recognise de Gaulle's National Committee as the only Provisional Government of France, who are helping the blackguards who regard the brave men of the "Maquis" as outlaws—to be shot out of hand when captured.

The conditions required by the Hague Convention for distinguishing regular combatants from "francs-tireurs" or "bandits" are few. Most of them are already fulfilled in this matter.

They must have a "responsible Commander."

By giving the Resistance patriots the title of "French Forces of the Interior," by giving them pay and pensions, and by placing them under the responsibility of General de Gaulle, this first condition is met—but it would be even better fulfilled given official recognition by the Allies.

They must "observe the general laws of the war."

This means not killing prisoners, respecting the Red Cross flag or the white flag of truce, not attacking or plundering peaceful civilians.

If only Darnand's gangsters and the Waffen S.S. offered as many guarantees for that as the "Maquis"!

They must wear "a distinctive emblem, recognisable at a distance."

So uniforms are not absolutely necessary; a simple armlet would suffice.

They must "carry their arms openly."

★ ★ ★

These being the only conditions required, there could be no difficulty for the Allies to recognise de Gaulle's government as legal and all its forces as regular combatants.

If this were done General de Gaulle would have the right to proclaim national mobilisation so that all patriots in France could help the Allies to drive out the enemy.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

OPEN LETTERS

General DWIGHT EISENHOWER,

Supreme C.-in-C., Allied Expeditionary Force

DEAR GENERAL,—Even to-day, as the colossal nature of the pre-invasion plans is dawning on the minds of men the world over, few of us have the necessary vision and imagination to realise the almost incredible burden which was yours before zero hour, and which will be with you until you and your Armies of Liberation grind the Nazi régime to powder.

When you assumed command of the Allied forces in North Africa you were comparatively unknown in this country.

Now—and I know you will pardon the seeming liberty—most of us call you "Ike." We are in goodly company, for it is reported that Mr. Churchill, your friend, addresses you so.

Behind the success of the first Allied landings in Western Europe is the inspiring leadership of your personality.

You brook no national rivalry or prejudice. You wanted a team—and what a magnificent team you chose—and you worked for and moulded that team.

You drive yourself as you drive others. Your determination to succeed, your inflexible resolve to cut down casualties to the minimum, and, above all, your confidence in the splendid fighting men you command, are all factors in the greatest battle of all time.

Despite the complexity of your command you found time, and still find it, to strike a note of rich, human quality in relations with your soldiers.

In Tedder, Montgomery, Bradley and Smith, and in those other senior officers who played so notable a part in getting the Armies of Liberation battle-worthy and battle-proved, you have outstanding aides.

We, the people of this island, have kept the faith with you, accepted you, **admired you, loved you. In turn you keep the faith.**

On that rest our destiny, our content, and our happiness.

Such things could not be in better hands. Nor would we wish them in the hands of any other.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. B. ASTBURY,

Secretary, Charity Organisation Society

DEAR MR. ASTBURY,—Bogus charities have been too long suffered in this tolerant, long-suffering country.

Generous contributors to certain so-called charities will be annoyed and shocked by your revelation that in some cases only 9d. out of every £1 collected is spent on charity. The other 19s. 3d. is swallowed—perhaps the word is more apposite than you intended it to be!—in "administrative expenses."

In the past your help and co-operation have been of great value to me in investigating and exposing these charity racketeers.

My knowledge of these tricksters—they are nothing else—is such that I heartily support your plan to exterminate such practices.

Compulsory registration and licensing of *all* charities, investigation of *all* cases of redundancy and overlapping, and properly certified accounts of *all* charities showing where the money goes, is the basis of your anti-swindle plan.

If your proposals are put into practical effect this monstrous blot on our social record will be removed. Fight like the devil for them. I'm with you to the last ditch!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Lord LEATHERS,

Minister of War Transport

MY LORD,—In the greater and more dramatic news of the Allied drive in Western Europe it may be that most people have failed to appreciate the work of your Ministry.

No one underestimates the worth of the Merchant Navy.

Yet, such is the way of life, few appreciate the brilliant way in which your Ministry laid the foundations of success for the lads who went, by air and water, into the grand assault.

The men and women of this country helped you. They accepted cheerfully—as they have done in the past four years—the restrictions on travel and the sacrifice of little liberties.

You paid a tribute to the men of the Merchant Navy. So do I. After all they have never let us down. They won't let us down in the days to come Nor will you.—JOHN BULL.

Councillor A. BARNETT,

The Mayor of Grantham

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—Please accept my congratulations for going so speedily and so effectively to the defence of the U.S. troops in the Grantham district.

It is easy for local religious leaders and private citizens to condemn out of hand our American allies and to declare that "the state of affairs in Grantham and other towns in this country is, indeed, deplorable."

It is less easy for them to make allowances for young, high-spirited men away from home; and, apparently, much too difficult for them to apportion the blame for whatever "deplorable" incidents have been observed.

Their wide-sweeping judgment on the American soldiers is unjust and unchivalrous.

In every army there are men who forget, once they are in uniform, the moral discipline they observed in civilian life. This is regrettable. But when they are aided and abetted by shallow, frivolous girls who need a really good spanking, then allowances must be made.

The fact that the Chief Constable of your town is fully satisfied with the conduct of the American troops, some of whom, gravely slandered, are now battling their way towards Paris, is sufficient proof that the charges of the "nosey parkers" are reckless and ill-founded.

They're glad enough to let those lads storm the beaches and go through hell in Western Europe.

Why can't they be decent enough to retract their charges, and, instead of creating discord, work for that wider Anglo-American harmony so essential not only to us but to the whole world?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ROBERT HUDSON, M.P.,

Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries

DEAR MR. HUDSON,—This year the question of Britain's bumper harvest takes on new and solemn meaning. On us and on other food-producing Allied nations falls the merciful task of feeding the liberated millions of Europe.

I am told that our harvest and our root crops are in peril because labour to lift and store them may be lacking.

No half-measures, please!

Give the harvest volunteers travel priority; persuade the men who matter to make their arduous "holiday" as pleasant and as comfortable as possible; and do impress on the Cabinet the fact that without the garnering of the harvest mothers and kiddies are going to be hungry in the lands our armies make free.

Be liberal, and be firm. By Autumn the needs of starving Europe will be paramount.—JOHN BULL.

Marriage, Morals and the Clergy

CANON J. M. SWIFT, of Garstang, Liverpool, defends the right of clergymen to refuse to conduct marriage services on moral grounds.

I will let that pass with the observation that clergymen are no better fitted to be judges of morals than any normal, clean-living layman. And the words of the Master, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone . . ." applies to-day as it applied 2,000 years ago. (For who amongst us, including the best of men and women, is wholly free from sin, carnal, spiritual or moral?)

★ ★ ★

I agree with Canon Swift that the marriage ceremony is a beautiful rite. But it is too beautiful and too impossible for imperfect beings in a world riddled with imperfection.

But I am in disagreement with the Rev. R. A. Yates, Vicar of Leverstock Green, Herts, who refused to marry an R.A.F. sergeant and his twenty-two-year-old sweetheart because of the girl's health. He thought her tubercular. And after cancelling the wedding arrangements, Mr. Yates, with a pompous dignity, announced: "My conscience would not allow me to perform the ceremony or give God's blessing."

ARGUE IT OUT

★

By PALLAS

The vicar's conscience is his own petty affair. I hope that his conscience also takes note of the cruel blow he struck to a girl who had looked forward to a church wedding.

But for a cleric, whether he be Archbishop or humble curate, to talk of withholding God's blessing is sheer presumption.

The fantastic conception of a Divine being withholding from two obscure, insignificant humans His blessing because an equally obscure clergyman has a peculiar conscience is a trifle too ludicrous to dwell on.

Why should God's blessing be denied these two young people?

★ ★ ★

What sin, in the eyes of God or man, have they committed? Who shall gainsay their right to marry whether the girl is ill or well?

By what incredible right dare a Vicar travesty the Master Whose thought ever was for the sick and the maimed, and Whose love was lavished in full measure on the helpless and the suffering?

These two children—they are little more—will not, I hope, be stricken by the thoughtless publicity thrust on them by Mr. Yates.

If the Church of England Vicar denies them that consolation and tolerance and mercy which all we miserable mortals need so much, they can rest assured that God's blessing came to them in the Baptist Chapel where a minister more enlightened than the vicar wed them.

★ ★ ★

If their love is whole and pure the blessing of God is theirs. None can withhold it, for it is in the heart of Man himself.

Let the canons and the clerics in their chapters and conventions discuss at length and in learned words their "rights" and their "powers" in regard to matrimony. Who shall deny *them* their right to discuss such problems? Not I.

But all their talk and all their display of ethical verbosity are of little account against the love of a man and a woman who, striving against imperfection, seek to make that love an enduring and holy thing.

Four Men In a Shingle-Hole

By a Beach-Signaller—as told to JOHN CASHEL

Among the first on the beach are the signallers who control landings and direct gun-fire—often "sitting-birds" for the enemy, they carry on

IN the motley of flesh and steel that makes up a beach-head, I'm one of Beach Signals, with as tough a job as any and more than most a sitting bird for all the stuff Jerry slings over.

Scrambling and scratching for a foothold I hang on with the rest of our party of eight to what scant cover we can find or manufacture, radioing messages on our portable sets between assault troops and their headquarters.

I'm more likely than not clawing myself with hands or shovel a hole in sand or shingle, careful not to snatch up a mine in so doing.

"Hey, watch for that wire or you'll be, in kingdom come," I say to myself. "Steady with that barbed-wire, that's probably mined, too. Keep your eye on where that machine-gun and snipers' fire's coming from.

"Now why did Jerry leave about that boat as a convenient hide-behind or that nice fat boulder? Isn't he considerate? Go gingerly round them!"

Machine-Gunned

Or maybe I've got no farther than lying on my tummy in the surf, kicking up my heels behind me; though that's not exactly like surf-bathing at Brighton in peace time.

Let some of our chaps tell you. . . .

They weren't the whole of the usual Beach Signals party of four soldiers and four sailors with a sergeant in charge and a naval rating as his deputy. Only half a one.

The four of them got landed on a beach-head, but out of sight of the first assault troops, with whom we always go in.

I say got landed, though perhaps that's an exaggeration.

They were wading in through the breakers when, as bullets began whistling past them, they bellied down into the surf with little more than tin-hats and wireless packs above water.

While the swell shuttlecocked them back and forward they wiped the brine from their eyes and took in the scene.

Jerry machine-gunners were firing from behind a sandbank about a hundred yards away, but were finding it difficult to keep them in line of fire if they stayed low.

Farther inland Tiger tanks were playing hide-and-seek behind woods, first appearing here and then there, pumping shells into the assault force.

Crawling to just above the water's edge the four men scooped out for themselves a hole, banked up the shingle in front, stacked their sets where it was dry, and began transmitting messages to headquarters afloat.

Cat and Mouse

Every now and then a big breaker washed away some of the shingle castle, and they banked it up again; each time they did so the zip of bullets and splintering pebbles becoming more vicious.

"Beach Signals X reporting," went out their message. "Tiger tanks firing 88 mm. guns, position map reference——"

Looking over their shoulders the four men saw the gun flashes of the Navy's destroyers answering back in this cat-and-mouse act.

Lying in the water like sleek tabby cats the camouflaged destroyers waited before each salvo till, mouse-like, first one "Tiger" and then another nipped out of cover to get its aim, and then the ships' guns spoke.

One, two, three . . . eight tanks in all they knocked out—a classic example of what four signallers and the Navy's guns can do to tanks.

For some hours the four hung on behind their bit of shingle and wrote their tiny but glorious epic in the annals of Beach Signals.

First one operator was wounded by that machine-gun fire. Then a second. Next one of their sets was shot out of action.

Finally Jerry got angry and tried to storm their hole, but they drove him off, for beach signallers fight as well as send messages.

Soaking Wet for Days

One wounded man was still able to go on firing. When a relief party found him he'd expended his last bullet.

Now a little jaunt like that is as likely as not what invasion means for me. On every beach there's at least, barring accidents, a party of eight of us holding our end up. I've gone before now for days and nights with little rest and no shelter, unless you call a slit-trench in the sand shelter!

It's usually a wet one, anyway, like the moats the lads used to sail their boats in round their sand-castles. Lying well soaked for hours or days, keeping my wireless up on a dry spot and dodging what comes over, would get on my nerves if there wasn't so little time to think.

The hotter the assault chaps catch it the faster their messages pour into my ears and the faster mine go out to their headquarters at first afloat and then ashore.

"S O S. Heavy shelling of our position by enemy battery on our left flank. Counter-fire wanted," is the sort of thing I hear.

"Still being shelled. Enemy battery now located map reference——"

"Thanks. Counter-fire helping us. Keep it up."

"Strong enemy mortar fire from wood, map reference——. Give us counter-fire on wood."

"Stop our bombardment of Objective X."

"Final assault on objective gone in."

"Objective captured. Enemy tanks in force mile ahead, probably for counter-attack. Can Navy or Air do anything to them while we dig in?"

All the while the swarms of landing craft keep coming in to the beaches, and one of the jobs of our four naval signallers is to control their landing, getting them in at the right spot in the right order.

Some, alas, are beyond control—bits of wreckage bobbing about menacingly till they can be beached or sunk out of the way.

Each of we eight knows another man's job, so if one's knocked out his double takes over.

Sometimes we take over, too, for other signals units; for we're only one of the nerve fibres through which communications flow on a beach-head, and we may find ourselves battling ahead with the foremost assault force if their signallers haven't made it.

Discipline Helps

When more and more of us are ashore we'll number among us wireless operators, naval telegraphists, mechanics, despatch-riders, electricians, coders, cooks. By that time we'll be helping to get ammunition, petrol and other vital stores as well as men on to the beach-head.

More and more we'll be controlling the bombardment ships of the fleet and the close-sweeping aircraft giving protection to the anchorage and support to the advancing assault troops.

"Now you're for it," some Commandos grinned at me when once we went forward with them because their own signallers, stopping an unlucky one, hadn't landed.

But I'm not so sure the strain's not worse when you get stuck in the same spot for a hell of a time and can do nothing to get out of it till your job's done. Movement at least helps to take your mind off what's whining about your ears and trying to drown your efforts to concentrate on your messages.

My first snack of "iron ration" helps a lot, and the first wink of sleep makes me feel better still. But best of all is the first wash and shave to get off some of my dirt before another day begins.

That Sunday-best feeling seems daft amid the muck of a beach-head, but I always feel it's something to hang on to—a bit of routine discipline.

The chap who shies at discipline is a darned fool if he's destined for a beach-head, because he'll need all that's been drilled into him till it has become second nature. It helps to hold him up.

He may think he's tough, but when the first bit of shell or bomb blast seems to burst his ear-drums and knock the breath out of him he feels a lot worse than he would if his ears had been disciplined to go on automatically listening for his next wireless message.

But in Beach Signals we don't find his sort. We're "the tops" to be among the first on the beach-head. Otherwise we wouldn't be there!

Elephants, Aeroplanes and Red Tape!

SIX elephants, a ditched cargo 'plane, and a lieutenant with initiative have caused an output of red-tape that must be close to a record.

It all started when an American pilot had to force-land the machine in the Indian hills on the air route to China.

Lieutenant—shall we call him "Hapless"?—was sent out with a brace of mechanics and a lorry to salvage what parts he could, for in those wild places they were worth their weight in gold.

★ ★ ★

He found the 'plane eventually—a big twin-engined job worth about £9,000—surrounded by fascinated natives.

The propellers had written themselves off, together with some of those bits and pieces that stick out underneath the fuselage; otherwise the craft was in surprisingly good fettle, though stuck fast in glutinous mud.

But Lieut. Hapless is one of those stubborn go-getters who have helped to illustrate the truth of that gag about the difficult being done immediately but the impossible taking a little longer!

After a good look round Lieut. Hapless sent the lorry back to collect the propellers from his own 'plane, and meanwhile hired natives, paying them with Army funds, to dig the wheels clear of mud while he performed minor miracles with the engines.

Presently the lorry returned with the propellers, which Hapless fitted to the "written-off" 'plane, but even the lorry failed to haul the craft out of the mud.

At this point most men would have thrown in the towel. Not so Lieut. Hapless!

Lieut. Hapless is a man of initiative. He wears two medals and a whole gallery of ribbons on his chest.

After a brief disappearance into the wilds, he presently returned—with six elephants!

By the skilful display of more Army funds he managed to hire six elephants from somewhere in the wilds.

And the elephants hauled the reconditioned cargo ship out of the mud.

Lieut. Hapless and his mechanics climbed in, the lieutenant juggled with the controls, skilfully lifted the plane off the plateau, and put it down whole half an hour later on its own airfield.

Having flown it back to base, Lieut. Hapless received the congratulations of his colonel. But when he sent in his statement of expenses he got the bird!

★ ★ ★

The expenses—£87 10s. for salvaging a "written-off" cargo 'plane worth £9,000—were, said the finance authorities, "unauthorised."

He'd been told, they argued, to bring back spare parts—not a complete aeroplane!

At the moment of going to press the back-and-forth letters concerning the case occupy a file weighing approximately 3 lb.

And Lieut. Hapless, with monotonous, clockwork regularity, receives a bill each month for £87 10s.

With matching regularity, he refuses to pay it.

So, you see, it isn't only the British who are festooned with red-tape.

PATRICK SPENCER.

GIRL IN THE PLOT THAT BEATS U-BOATS

By special permission a W.R.N.S. plotter in a naval operations room was allowed to relate to me this censored story of how she and other girls help to keep convoys sailing and U-boats sinking

By Olive Olivier

IN the hush that comes from being many feet underground I play a small life-or-death part in our operations room.

Here I work with a W.R.N.S. plotting officer (yes, we women now have charge of the plotting) for watches of ten or fourteen hours day or night—long watches, for a reason I'll later tell you.

Behind us through a glass partition is the duty commander; and towering above him as if on a ship's bridge is our commander-in-chief in another glass-walled office.

He can view at a glance everything happening below, and I need hardly add that under his expert eyes work in our "glasshouse" is for every minute keyed up to battle pitch, as it must be.

Painted Ships

On the wall facing the W.R.N.S. officer and myself is our plot on a massive map. We have only to look up and there before us is pictured in tiny symbols all that is going on over vast stretches of vital ocean lanes.

Every few minutes some bit of the picture changes as decoded and deciphered signals reach the duty commander and he passes them to us.

Our plot is clearly made in coloured symbols so that the directing officers can step before it and distinguish at once the smallest detail.

That largish piece of green cardboard pinned to the map, numbered, and with an arrow-direction head, is a special convoy (an ordinary one, over there, is shown in white).

It is outbound as its route is indicated by a black line. Were it incoming the line would be white.

With the convoy is its escort, inch-long ships each bearing the vessel's name. Yellow for destroyers, red for corvettes, blue for sloops, green for trawlers, purple for tugs.

The miniature aeroplane stuck on the convoy shows it has an air escort, this being removed when the aircraft leaves it.

This and other aircraft over the ocean, as well as individual merchant ships, are separately plotted by R.A.F. officers working a few paces away from us.

Everywhere "painted ships upon a painted ocean." Hundreds of them, warships and merchantmen, convoy after convoy, British, Empire, American, Russian, free ships of the occupied Allies—and every known enemy vessel in these waters.

Watch on Convoys

A pretty picture. But how would you like to memorise the lot as I have to do?

So that when our Chiefs come round and ask, "Where is H.M.S. ——?" or "S.S.——?" the plotting officer or myself can tell them in a flash and even give the ship's future movements.

Then, within a few seconds we've checked up from our files on our table to make certain we've made no mistake.

In one of these files, Convoy Log, is every detail about convoys—composition, times of sailing from different ports. The log, as signals come in, is kept up to the moment. Log supplements plot.

Silence at Sea

Every few minutes some ship somewhere pipes a signal, and its position is altered on the plot. Every four hours every cardboard ship in motion will have been shifted by signal or estimate.

That is one reason I do a long fourteen-hour watch, followed by forty-eight off. Then a ten-hour watch, with twenty-four off. Next, a fourteen-hour stretch again.

It gives me a better chance of grasping the whole picture than I could possibly get in, say, a five-hour watch.

This grip on the full story is specially vital when an attack is on. Any moment through the tense hours one may come, though happily less often now.

A signal is received—a ship has been torpedoed and an escort detailed to stand by.

Protected, the lame duck lags. The convoy goes on.

I pin a tiny red cross on the torpedoed vessel and attach to it a small slip bearing the particulars. Near it I pin its escort after detaching it from the convoy.

Near by, too, goes a small oval shape of black cardboard—the U-boat.

Then I enter the details in a file, Casualty Column.

One more drama in the fight for life and the destruction of the attacker has begun. So has the tensest time of my plotting life.

I am keyed up with cold excitement. What signal will be piped next? Is it the one and only attack, or how far will it go?

I may have to put other red crosses on the plot; and as well a small red capital E, standing on its back, if a ship sinks.

Or for anxious hours the ocean may keep its secrets when the escort has reason not to break wireless silence.

Concentration

Then it pipes up, and if I'm lucky comes my greatest moment of relief . . . the U-boat has been sunk and the torpedoed ship is proceeding under her own steam.

That grim wait ended I say softly "Thank goodness he's piped up and we *know*. Now. . . ."

And over the U-boat's sinister little black shape I stick a capital E—a black one standing on its back.

I want to jump for joy, but ours is a silent service and in the Glasshouse the silence is specially tense.

Concentration, memory, dead accuracy, a steady eye and hand are demanded of me with men's and ships' lives at stake.

A sinking ship out there in the ocean, a cardboard ship pinned a mere quarter of an inch out on our large-scale map and in the ocean that's four miles out. . . .

Off duty, to come back with mind fresh and clear I must try to forget it all and stop those little bits of cardboard from sailing through my thoughts and dreams.

Above all, I must keep my lips tight. I've never known a Wren plotter fail to do so. You see, we all realise that on our secrecy the nation's life may depend.

Far from the sea, in an underground room, Wrens watch the course of every Allied convoy

By A. G. GARDINER

SO the hour of liberation has struck! The gates of Hitler's Bastille have been stormed and they will never be closed again.

For four years Europe has been a prison of the human soul, terrorised within and locked against the world without. It is a prison no longer. Deliverance has come and the tocsin of freedom sounds from end to end of Europe.

It will not be silenced till the last chains of the tyrant have been struck from the limbs of his victims and the Europe that was dead is resurrected to a new life.

* * *

It is well that we should keep this day in remembrance. For it was on this day four years ago that the prison gates that are now reopened were slammed and sealed.

That morning the traitors of Vichy had surrendered to the enemy and we faced an embattled Europe alone. To the world, all seemed lost and, under the shadow of Dunkirk, all would have been lost but for the heroic spirit that sustained us.

That night Mr. Churchill broadcast to the nation on the painful news in terms that will be immortal. "It makes no difference," he declared, "to British faith and purpose . . . We shall fight on, unconquerable, until the curse of Hitler is removed from the brows of men."

It was a bold thing to say in that desperate hour. But it expressed the mind of the nation, for I think it is true to say that the only people in the world who believed that we could survive were the people of this island.

We believed it in defiance of the facts. We believed it, in part, because we believed in ourselves, and still more, I think, because of an undercurrent of faith in the destiny of mankind. It was not thinkable to us that the powers of evil could enslave the whole world.

* * *

And we were right. The faith that sustained us four years ago is confirmed as the gates of the Bastille fall. We owe much of the result to our own fortitude and much to the farsighted leadership we have enjoyed.

But we owe much also to the enemy. If we could have foreseen the vastness of the resources which his cunning had accumulated and which every phase of the struggle, even in defeat, has revealed, our obstinate faith might have faltered. Had his wisdom equalled his low cunning and his might he would have triumphed.

FORTUNATELY, IT DID NOT. INCOMPARABLE IN THE ARTS AND CRAFTS AND KNAVERY OF WAR, HE PROVED A DUNCE IN ITS LARGE AND IMAGINATIVE STRATEGY. VAIN, IGNORANT, ARROGANT, CONSUMED WITH THE IDOLATRY OF FORCE, HE MISJUDGED MEN AND NATIONS ALIKE.

He trusted the loud-mouthed buffoon, Mussolini, and believed that the silent but profound Stalin could be brushed out of his path with a wave of his hand.

He thought that in buying clever rascals like Laval and Quisling he was buying the soul of the nations they betrayed. He believed what he wanted to believe.

Dawn of Freedom

Tojo, treacherous as himself, could, he thought, be relied on to play his game. But Churchill and Roosevelt were a pair of nincompoops whom he could slay with abuse and derision.

From this ignorance of the great things that make for victory or defeat came the huge blunder that has brought Germany clattering down from the giddy eminence she occupied on June 17, 1940. Of all those blunders, two were final.

* * *

It had been the maxim of Bismarckian Germany that there were two Powers she must not fall out with—Britain and Russia. The Kaiser, in pursuit of his gospel that "the future of Germany is on the sea," broke with this maxim. He quarrelled with both and "took the count."

From his experience another German maxim emerged. It had two imperatives: (1) Never risk war on two fronts. (2) Never antagonise both Russia and America.

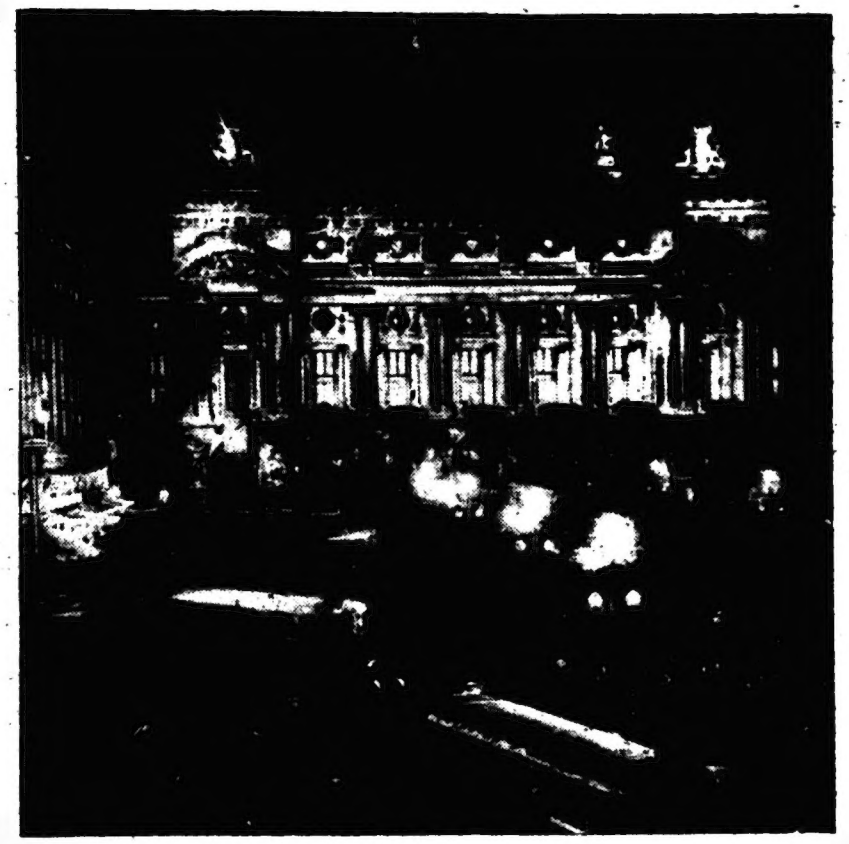
Hitler antagonised both. We were alone. He had all-conquered Europe behind him. And in sheer bravado or insanity he handed us these two mighty Allies, as it were, "on a plate."

Neither was in the war. Neither wished to be in the war. It is possible that neither would have come into the war if they had not been dragged in by Hitler. He alone did it.

And in doing it he ordained the happenings of to-day. It is possible that, left alone, as we were four years ago, we might have survived. Possible, but not more than possible.

Think of the task of invading the Continent without an embattled America at our back and without the Red Army hammering at Hitler's rear.

No, don't think about it. It doesn't bear thinking about. Let us be thankful to Hitler that he made it unnecessary for us to think about it.



After Rome, will Paris be the next rejoicing capital?

* * *

Yes, we have much to be grateful to Hitler for. Without his help we should not to-day be so near making an end of him.

And do not let us forget that monstrous ass, Mussolini. He also served us a good turn.

If he had stayed out of the war and been content to play bottle-washer to his master, how different things would have been. Italy would have been Hitler's back door for all his necessities. She would have kept a friendly eye in the Balkans for him. She would have neutralised that brilliant Mediterranean and North African stroke which turned the current of the war in our favour.

And at the end Hitler would not be left, as he is to-day, a rebellious Italy on his hands, a war on three fronts, and a great army marooned and fleeing on the other side of the Alps.

And do not forget that the collapse of Italy was the moral death of the Axis. It was as bad a blow for Hitler as the collapse of France had been for us.

Nay, worse. The fall of France made us great. The fall of Italy was the first official announcement to the world that Hitler had lost the war.

It was fitting that the bells of Rome should have given the signal of the grand assault—the signal that freedom is coming back to Europe.

Rome was the first capital to give voluntary allegiance to Hitler. In renouncing that allegiance it has started a movement which will soon be a stampede.

For, with the gates of the fortress battered in, east, west and south, the tide of freedom will roll in with irresistible momentum. And it will be reinforced by the hidden springs within.

For four years the Fifth Column that represents the invincible soul of Europe has been confined to the underworld. Its deliverance is at hand, and no blow at the universal enemy will be more deadly than that which it will strike.

But desperate work lies ahead. The enemy is at bay, but he is still powerful. This is his last chance and he will throw everything in. We shall have disasters and may suffer losses more serious than anything in the past.

BUT THE FREEDOM OF THE WORLD IS AT STAKE AND WE SHALL NOT COUNT THE COST. VICTORY SHINES AHEAD AND THE GRAND ALLIANCE ADVANCES ON ALL FRONTS TO THE KILL.

For Once, the Nazis Guessed Aright

CAN the German High Command have known where the great blow would fall?

I ask because the disposition of their field commanders for the Second Front reveals that they have put what they regard as the right men in the right spot.

There have, of course, been so many guesses on the German side as to "Where" and "When" that some of them were bound to be correct.

But an analysis of their anticipations of the place on which the first Allied troops would land shows that German military experts were pretty sure that the north coast of France would be the first objective.

★ ★ ★

And, indeed, of the two big army groups assigned for defence, the one immediately involved in battle is commanded by General Montgomery's old adversary, Rommel.

This is curious, because while the Germans knew that Montgomery would lead the grand assault they had to guess *where* he would lead his troops.

★ ★ ★ ★

There was also early evidence that the Germans regarded the Cherbourg peninsula as particularly vulnerable to attack and a possible first objective of the Allied armies.

It is only a few weeks since they took the unusual step of specially announcing the transfer of General Kurt Student, commander of paratroops, to a post in the West.

Student and his paratroops, they said, had been stationed in the Cherbourg district.

To many people this announcement meant that Student's paratroopers might attempt an airborne counter-invasion; that they might land in Britain to try to disrupt communications and hamper the progress of our invasion. But the facts are that *German paratroopers, both in Russia and in Italy, have been used for purely defensive purposes in recent months.*

Paratroopers held the big hedgehogs which withstood the Russian onslaught for a long time. They would not budge from Cassino when it was crushed to rubble by Allied bombs.

★ ★ ★

Wherever there was danger to a German line, paratroops—the best-trained and most reliable units in the Wehrmacht—were rushed to help in the defence.

That is why I am sure that Student's transfer to the north coast of France was not a coincidence.

About the same time, the air defence of Western Europe was entrusted to Field-Marshal Sperrle, one of a trio of German airmen who conducted the *blitz* on Britain in 1940.

But Sperrle has proved himself unable to emulate the "few" of the R.A.F. who put up such a gallant resistance against his then overwhelming forces.

Two more men have been chosen by Hitler to assist in the defence of France: Kranke, a junior admiral, friend of Doenitz and a theorist rather than an experienced sea commander; and General Geyr von Schweppenburg, a political general, former military attaché in London, a friend of Ribbentrop, who serves on the German anti-invasion staff as the expert on Britain.

★ ★ ★

These, then, are the men Hitler has summoned in the hour of his supreme danger. They are a good team—but we can go forward in the happy knowledge that we have an even better one.

WILLI FRISCHAUER

No News, With Love

Short Story By Will Scott

He frowned at the letter as far as he had gone, and once more he sighed

PRIVATE BROWN chewed the end of his penny pen and glared out of the window of the shabby billet at the sun-lit promenade.

Three troops went past singing. A fourth was somehow getting through the barbed-wire entanglements on the beach with what looked like a fine catch of dabs in a little basket. Somewhere behind Private Brown, Private Smith was whistling gaily as he parted his hair in front of a cracked mirror.

Private Brown could have committed murder.

Sighing deeply, he jabbed his pen in the ink bottle and tried to find something to say in his weekly letter to "Darling Mabel."

The ink dried. He dipped the pen again. Again the ink dried.

"Hell!" said Private Brown.

"What's the matter?" asked Private Smith.

Private Brown did not reply.

He frowned at the letter as far as he had gone, and once more he sighed

"*Darling Mabel,—Just a line to say all well here as I hope it is with you*"

After twenty-five minutes! Just that and nothing more!

It was a funny thing, but there were some people who could write letters and some who couldn't. And he had always been one of those who couldn't.

A very funny thing; because in most things he was pretty bright. He'd been pretty bright at school, and now in the Army he wasn't found lagging behind in many things. But he just couldn't write a letter. He could never find anything to say. He could never get the words right.

He knew what it was to receive letters. And he knew what it was *not* to receive letters. He wanted to write a letter more than anything at the moment, but it simply wouldn't come out of his head on to the paper.

HE glared out of the window again and saw that although the western sky was still filled with sunshine a pale full moon stood up in the east. Reminding him, somehow, that time was passing.

This time he fairly rammed the pen into the ink bottle.

"Coming to the pictures?" asked Private Smith, still poshing his hair at the back

"No!" said Private Brown.

"Good picture, they say," said Private Smith.

"No!!" said Private Brown.

"Betty Gravel," added Private Smith.

"No!!!" said Private Brown.

And he wrote furiously for about ten seconds and then had a look at the marvellous result.

"*Darling Mabel,—Just a line to say all well here as I hope it is with you. Frightfully busy. No news. Will write again soon. Love. John.*"

He was so disgusted with the letter and himself and all the world that he was on the point of tearing the thing up and tossing the bits out of the window when Private Smith put a hand on his shoulder and leant over.

"What's the trouble, chum?"

"Got a letter to write," said Private Brown.

"Girl friend?"

"Yeah."

"Sticky?"

"Don't know how it is," said Private Brown, "but all my life I've never been able to write a letter. Can't get the words to fit together."

"I know," said Private Smith. "Same myself. I don't know why you bother."

"What do you mean?" said Private Brown. "If I was to miss writing——"

"Don't mean that," said Private Smith. "But there's old Sarge along at the end billet. I always leave it to him."

Private Brown's forehead turned into a piece of music with the notes away from home.

"I mean," added Private Smith, "that Sarge always writes my letters to the girl friend for me. Why, he does it for half the regiment, I should think. Puts all his spare time in on the job. Knocks 'em out on the office typewriter. The boys just pop in and sign 'em. What could be easier?"

Private Brown looked as if he didn't believe any man could be such a mug.

"Mind," said Private Smith, "he don't do it for nothing. Tanner a month, plus postage. He makes a nice little pile out of it—oh, yes. But is it a load off your mind? I'm like you. Worried for hours every time I had to write a letter. But I never worry now. I just pass my troubles to Sarge and toddle off to the pictures."

"It's an idea," said Private Brown.

Private Smith chucked his hair brush behind a box.

"Betty Gravel," he said. "Good picture, they say. Starts in half an hour."

Private Brown clenched his fist and thumped the cork into the ink bottle.

"Do you think," he asked, "that Sarge would take me on?"

"Like a shot," said Private Smith. "He's a proper factory. The more the merrier. All pennies in the money-box, you know."

"Lead me to him," said Private Brown.

"Better bring your own letter with you," said Private Smith. "He likes to see a real one before he takes on a new customer. Gives him a sort of idea of the *character* of his customers, he says."

Private Brown and Private Smith marched off side by side to the end billet along the promenade, where Private Smith put Private Brown's case for him to Sarge, entrenched behind his typewriter.

"Got a new client for you, Sarge," he said.

"That's the stuff," said Sarge.

"This," said Private Smith, taking it from Private Brown, "is the best he can do in the way of a letter himself."

Sarge glanced over Private Brown's letter.

"No good at all," he said.

"I haven't got the trick," said Private Brown.

"It's a wonder to me," said Sarge, "that you chaps keep your girls as long as you do, when you write 'em letters like this every week. If I were a girl I'd tear 'em up and look about for somebody else."

"All me life I've never been able to write a good letter," said Private Brown.

"Oh, well, thank goodness," said Sarge, "you're not the only one. Look at that lot!"

He pointed to a long list beside his desk.

"I don't know where they'd be without me," he said. "Every Friday I write their little love epistles for 'em. You know the terms, by the way? Sixpence a month, postage extra."

"That'll be all right," said Private Brown.

"If you'll just give me particulars," said Sarge. "Girl's name and address, and pet names, if any."

"Just Mabel and John," said Private Brown.

MABEL and John were added to his long list, and Private Brown looked on in awed admiration.

"Dunno how you manage to do it," he said.

"Easy as pie," said Sarge. "In your case, since you're a new 'un, the opening more or less writes itself. '*Darling Mabel,—Since I've now got the use of the office typewriter Friday evenings I shall be able to type my letters in future and I reckon it will be easier for me this way, so you can look out for longer letters from now on.*' There you are! That's longer than the whole of your letter and we haven't really got started."

"It's a marvel to me," said Private Brown. "But I don't see how you can go on from there."

"Easy," said Sarge. "Look here, what have you been doing with yourself since tea."

"Nothing," said Private Brown.

"You must have been doing *something*," said Sarge.

"Just chewing the end of a pen, wondering how to start, and looking out of the window."

"What at?"

"Nothing," said Private Brown.

"You must have been looking at *something*," said Sarge.

"No," said Private Brown. "Only a chap bringing some dabs off the beach. Er,—and the moon."

"There you are!" said Sarge. Next paragraph. '*As I sit here writing one of our fellows comes up off the beach with a basket of dabs, freshly caught, and I ask him how much he wants for them, meaning to send them on to you, but he won't part, so we'll have to say better luck next time.*'"

"I never did any such thing!" said Private Brown.

"Don't matter," said Sarge. "We'll shove it in. Helps to make the letter more interesting. And longer."

Private Brown nodded, like a man in a dream.

"Now, this moon," said Sarge. "How's this? '*The moon is rising in the east and shining full in my room. It reminds me of that wonderful time we had together at Yarmouth just before the war.*' Did you have a wonderful time together at Yarmouth just before the war?"

"Llandudno," said Private Brown.

"Easily altered," said Sarge.

"It wasn't so wonderful," said Private Brown.

"She'll think it was, after all this time," said Sarge. "Anyway, she'll think you are, for thinking it was. We'll leave it in."

After ten minutes they had concocted a beautiful letter, and Private Brown was the most satisfied man on earth.

"If you'll just give me the tanner for the first month," said Sarge, "and two pence-ha'penny for the stamp. Look, you can sign this blank sheet and I'll type your letter above the signature. Then it can go off in the half-past seven

(Continued on next page)

ALL IN A POINT OF VIEW

HUMAN MACHINE

● **Point of view is everything in this life. It marks, for instance, the difference between the optimist and the pessimist. "The optimist," said someone, "thinks this is the best of all possible worlds—and the pessimist fears he is right!"**

It is all too frequently said, too, that "man is a creature of circumstance." But it all depends on the point of view.

It would be just as true—probably more true—to say that "man is the architect of circumstance."

Someone once saw a block of marble. Michael Angelo, the great sculptor, saw the same block of marble, but he saw the angel imprisoned in it as well. It was one block of marble—but it was two very different points of view.

"Our strength," said a writer once, "is measured by our plastic power. From the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses, another villas. Bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks until the architect can make them something else. Thus it is that in the same family, in the same circumstances, one man rears a stately edifice, while his brother, vacillating and incompetent, lives for ever amid ruins; the block of granite which was an obstacle on the pathway of the weak becomes a stepping-stone on the pathway of the strong."

It all depends on how you look at things. Things can influence you—or you can govern things.

The only certain thing is that nothing can be ignored.

Every act, however trivial, has its train of consequences. Every thought, every feeling, has its influence, however small.

So you might just as well make sure that the motive power of a right and a sane outlook is added to that influence.

You might just as well determine here and now to be boss of your circumstances instead of letting them run—and probably ruin—your life.

Changing Hour

WHEN we are going, then we have really left, long before the parting comes, for our hearts are sore bereft; in counting the thousand things, so suddenly become dear. Oh, how many of us have really gone, although we still seem near.

When we are going, things take a different cast, the future draws much nearer and overlaps the past. And everything we do is done 'neath a two-edged sword, and our hearts get entangled in the loops of time's weaving cord.

When we are going, we seek to avoid the pain of the final cleavage and so again, and again, we linger doing little things which we know we must soon undo. For most hearts dread the changing hour from the old life to the new.

WHEN we are going our friends seem doubly dear, and we see them 'neath a shadow, and how brittle seems our cheer. For though we must go forward, and life's changes must transpire, we leave so much of our real heart down friendship's lovely shire.—J. M.

cost with the rest of 'em. And I'll see you next Friday."

Private Brown paid up and departed Petty Gravel-wards with Private Smith. "That's taken a load off my mind," he said.

"I told you," said Private Smith.

"I reckon," said Private Brown, "old Sarge is a genius."

"Some of us," said Private Smith, "have a gift for that sort of thing. And some of us haven't."

SARGE turned to it. With Private Brown number two hundred on the list his income was now a safe five pounds a month. And all for what?

Apart from fancy bits for new clients—such as '*I have now got the use of the office typewriter*'—it was merely a matter of telling the very same tale to two hundred girls in different parts of the country.

He hammered away at his typewriter. He pushed letter after letter into envelope after envelope. He thumped on stamp after stamp. He sat back, satisfied with a good job well done. He glanced at the clock.

He turned pale. . . .

Twenty-five past seven!

Five minutes to the last post, and a three-minute walk to the post office!

Lucy!

His own darling Lucy—waiting up there in Newcastle for her weekly letter from him. And the thing not even started! That came of wasting time chassing with this new customer, Private Brown.

He grabbed a sheet of paper and poked it into the typewriter. He began to bang the keys

"*Darling Lucy,—Just a line to say all is well here as I hope it is with you. Frightfully busy. No news. Will write again soon. Love. George.*"

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. E. M. Doyle, Matlock Street, Gorton, Manchester, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for interesting information.

Letters for inquiry that relate to suspected ramps or scandals are appreciated. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93-4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

FORTUNES ARE FOUNDED ON OFFICIAL NEGLIGENCE

ONE of the worst crime waves of the war is nearing its crest.

Scotland Yard detectives, under the leadership of Chief Inspector Ivor Thorp, are making special inquiries throughout the country, at the request of the War Office, Air Ministry and the Director of Public Prosecutions.

Gigantic frauds in the disposal of stolen military vehicles are believed by the police to involve something like £500,000 of public money.

At least a dozen firms of private dealers in secondhand vehicles are concerned, and I have no doubt that some Black Market financiers will soon find themselves in the dock.

The principal—I shan't give him advance warning by mentioning his name—is a man who has eluded justice for nearly a quarter of a century.

Often it has given me particular pleasure to allow the police to go through the bulky file I have about him.

Chief Inspector Thorp and his men are making sure that all the "t's" are crossed and all the "i's" dotted.

I have no doubt that, as a result, the financier in question will be given an opportunity of viewing a court of justice from a most conspicuous and uncomfortable place.

And, as I say, he won't be the only one!

But not only military vehicles are concerned in these protracted investigations.

One day last week over a hundred sacks of sugar were stolen from a Service depot.

RECTOR SPEAKS OUT

Two hundred new Army boots vanished overnight from a store in Scotland.

Timber worth more than £1,000 disappeared from a Home Counties military station less than a month ago.

So far no arrests have been made in these cases—nor in scores of others.

20,000 razor blades are on the "missing" list of the Quartermaster's store in a naval town; 60,000 were recently stolen from a depot in the North Country.

3,000 yards of cloth intended for making battledress were wheeled away a fortnight ago from a West London factory—and few clues were left for the detectives.

This is the stuff to give the troops—and this man will see they get it

Indeed, I should have to fill this page with examples to illustrate the vast size of the new crime wave that is swamping Service equipment.

A valuable load of cement, ordered for the construction of airfield yards, went between three and four in the morning a short time ago from a Service depot near Plymouth.

Linoleum, in rolls, sufficient to cover fifty rooms of average size, vanished from a depot in the Midlands.

Large quantities of knives, forks, towels, spoons, pens—and even pegs!—have been placed on the "missing" lists.

Bacon and beef, in whole "sides" and "carcases," are also the subject of inquiries now being made by both the military authorities and the police.

There is nothing that will not fetch Black Market money these days.

Even ammunition and parachutes have gone in appreciably large quantities.

In many cases the thieves are assisted by people working in Service establishments or by dishonest Servicemen attracted by heavy bribes.

And many depots are run without the rigorous discipline and efficiency needed, which accounts also for the enormous amount of valuable property and food that is not stolen but is wasted or thrown away in circumstances that ought to be regarded as criminal.

I admire Canon H. S. Marriott, the Rector of Wilby, Suffolk, for the grand stand he recently made against officers who, through ignorance or laziness, allow Government stores under their control to be flung on refuse dumps or into swill bins.

SCANDALOUS

At a meeting of the East Suffolk Agricultural Committee the other day, Canon Marriott said that such waste was "scandalous, incredible and fantastic."

He declared that ammunition boxes, with hundreds of pounds of live ammunition, had been found on the local public dump.

Tools and machinery—the output of factories where men and women toil long hours at great speed—were there, too. And that wasn't the only dump!

One woman found a pair of shoes that had never been unpacked.

"I am constantly getting complaints of this kind," the Canon told me. "There is no doubt at all that thousands of pounds of war material is being thrown away through incompetence every week."

The Canon is right.

The whole business is a disgrace.

Military authorities always put the blame on somebody else.

There's a black sheep in every family, they say.

NOW THEY PROSPER

Let me give you just an example.

Contractors, and their workers, are the people they mostly blame. In my opinion it is the incompetence and neglect of the Service authorities themselves that is the prime cause of the trouble.

Many Regional Commissioners have written in protest to the Government, expressing their anxiety and disgust.

But it's good business for some people.

A few years ago a family made a meagre hand-to-mouth living by going from door to door selling paper flowers.

To-day they live in a fine London house of three storeys.

The war—and the negligence of military authorities—has been their boon and blessing.

They have made a small fortune, and continue to do so, from the valuable stores they salvage daily from public refuse dumps!

Isn't it just incredible?

This Housewife's Lament is a Warning to Others

I AM a soldier's wife with two young children and a girl of eighteen who is in N.A.A.F.I., where she volunteered for special duties.

"The other day a man came to my house saying 'Your coalman is off with a broken leg and I don't know whether you have all your five bags at once.

"'There are five bags on the cart for you.'

★ ★ ★

"I replied: 'Yes, I have them to save the man coming again if he can let me have them all together.'

"The stranger then said, 'Of course, I cannot let you have them without the money,' and I answered to the effect that they never did. . . .

★ ★ ★

"I handed him a £1 note and he told me to open my back door and he would come round with his other man to give him a hand with the delivery. When I got to the back door there was no one about at all, so I ran straight to the front door and the man had gone, and I have not seen him or the money since.

"When I think that my husband and daughter are volunteers for a free country, and such men can walk freely round robbing poor wives who are caught on the hop, it makes my blood boil."

That is one woman's story. There are many others, I find, in the same boat. The man who has duped them is known to the police by a string of aliases, is about 5 ft. 7 in. tall, stockily built, with a fresh complexion and quite tidy clothes that differ greatly from those worn ordinarily by coalmen.

★ ★ ★

His real name is Arthur Temple, but—when he gives a name, which has not been often in his recent coal-dodging tricks—it is a fictitious one.

I've given space to this story in the hope that housewives, everywhere, will once again try to remember that there are scores of cads like him about.

★ *If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)*

Solitary Existence Is Unnatural

If the lonely man doesn't find a girl friend, she will find him

IS the human will a reality or a delusion? A young man wants to argue about the subject, and gives an illustration of what he thinks.

I badly want to become friendly with a girl I often see, he says. She attracts me like a magnet. Yet whenever the chance comes of speaking to her I am pulled back by another stronger force—the fear of being laughed at or snubbed.

The result is that I do nothing, but I feel like kicking myself. My pal tells me to make up my mind and take the plunge. He says that courage is only a matter of will-power, but I can't believe in will-power.

It sounds easy, perhaps, but I just cannot make myself do what I want to do. If you can help me in the dilemma I shall be more than grateful.

ANOTHER young man has a problem which is similar in several ways.

I am seventeen years old, over 6 ft. tall, not bad looking, he writes, but I have always been on the shy side, and since I left school it has got worse and worse. I work by myself in a big garden and have no one to talk to.

A party was given for the workers on this estate last Christmas. I was the only one who stayed away. I was too shy to go for fear I should start blushing and look daft in front of others. I don't go swimming, dancing, or anything like that.

Most of the young fellows here want to join the Services, but I can't face it. When I register at the end of the year, I am going to choose coal-mining.

The thing that makes me most miserable is that I haven't any girl friends. I know I am young for that sort of thing, but I am thinking about the future. I don't want to be lonely all my life, and unless I can overcome this shyness that is what will happen.

Please can you give me any advice? Do you think other people of my age have this difficulty? If you can help in any way I shall be glad.

We human beings were not meant to live alone. We are gregarious by nature and have to "get together" like the rooks and sheep. Continual solitude becomes a torment.

Both these young men are drawn towards others, but are held back by fear. Is it possible to remove that fear or reduce its power over them?

I think if they would face it boldly it would probably melt away like a queer shadow that frightens a child. They would see what it is really made of.

I assure the writer of the second letter that I get scores of letters from young people about this identical problem. I often recommend a good little book entitled "Mastering Shyness," which costs about 1s. 5d. I advise both men to get it and apply it to themselves.

THE man who is scared of speaking to the girl he admires ought to be a little more practical and find out more about her. He might join the social group to which she belongs; he might find someone who is able to introduce him. If I were he I should stop worrying about free will and determinism. He has one obstacle to overcome.

I advise him to make up his mind to get past it in 48 hours, beginning from now!

The second man need not worry about a lonely old age. If he does not find a girl friend she will find him, and perhaps that would be the best thing that could happen. In the meantime, he should join the nearest youth centre and go all out—swimming, dancing, hiking, cycling, sports, debates, and the rest.

He is afraid of being made to look foolish, but Chesterton once said that if a man never makes a fool of himself it is because Nature has saved him the trouble!

Now for a problem from a woman reader:

My friend has been married three years, she says, but she tells me that she does not love her husband and never has done. She can never feel for him as she did for another man who let her down.

She has a very devoted husband who does everything he can to make her happy, bringing her presents and being nice to her. She admits she cannot complain about him, but she feels she cannot go on.

My own husband would never dream of paying me compliments or bringing me presents, but he is kind and I know that thousands of women would be thankful to be in my place.

My friend believes that you are either happy or unhappy, and that nothing you do can alter the fact. I believe that you can grow to love a man who proves his devotion and loyalty. There must have been plenty of successful marriages that had less to build on at the beginning.

We can't agree about the subject, and I should very much like to know your opinion on the matter.

I am afraid that friend is eating her heart out for an illusion. She wants to feel the same romantic thrill of emotion that comes with first-love, and because she is disappointed in this she will not adjust her attitude or show a little common gratitude.

Her husband must be a good sort, but she is giving him a raw deal.

Their marriage could be both happy and successful if she would quit daydreaming. She probably thinks her husband is not good enough for her! What I really think of her I prefer not to say.

WORLD UNITY

President Roosevelt's Invasion Day prayer will be remembered

ROOSEVELT, when "D-Day" dawned, sat down at his desk in the White House and wrote, at the end of a long prayer in which he asked his countrymen to join him, words that will have a place in history:

Let not the keenness of our spirit ever be dulled.

Let not the impacts of temporary events, of temporal matters of but fleeting moment—let not these deter us in our unconquerable purpose.

With Thy blessing we shall prevail over the unholy forces of our enemy. Help us to conquer the apostles of greed and racial arrogance.

Lead us to the saving of our country and with our sister nations into a world unity that will spell a sure peace—a peace invulnerable to the schemings of unworthy men. And a peace that will let all men live in freedom, reaping the just rewards of their honest toil.

So, in phrases that earned immortality, were expressed aspirations that should endure.

They made ideology idealistic. They recalled the high purpose of our crusade.

So might Lincoln have spoken at another Gettysburg. Then, in a cemetery dug on a decisive battlefield, he dedicated the future of his nation to the assurance that "government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Roosevelt, when a telephone message told him the first invasion boat had left the English coast, wrote of "our unconquerable purpose," the will to triumph over greed and arrogance until lasting peace had established a new order of mankind.

V FOR VISION

Churchill, a few days before, had spoken of how "It has become less of an ideological war." Roosevelt, moved to exalted heights of feeling by the knowledge that the last great battle had begun, was reinspired by the high hopes that, in the dark days of 1940, not only moved our own people to achieve the impossible, but gave them a prophetic glimpse of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth that could be realised if temporary effort were made into ceaseless striving.

This time it can be not a Versailles of vengeance but a Versailles with vision.

Roosevelt spoke of the immediate battle as though turning it into victory was comparatively easy. "We shall prevail over the unholy forces of our enemy," he wrote, as though with the fullest confidence.

It was for the conquest of "the apostles of greed and racial arrogance" and the achievement of "a peace invulnerable to the schemings of unworthy men" that he sent up a special petition.

For even before the battle had begun he saw the possessors of privilege plotting to hold on to what for centuries they had regarded as their own.

He saw the "unworthy men" scheming to prevent "the just rewards of their honest toil" reaching the millions who, generation after generation, had laboured and suffered.

It may be, in the words of Henry Wallace, "the century of the common man." But will the entire century have to pass before the great objectives have been won?

Democracy has, in several lands, established bridgeheads of freedom. But on many beaches the fighting goes on....

STOPPING THE BATTLE

Already some of our leaders would call a halt to that battle. They seem to think that the armies of the marching millions have won enough—that nobler gains would give them swollen heads and lead to excesses.

They feel that now the many have been used for safeguardng the possessions of the few, it is time "the ideological war" ceased, and that things should be allowed to settle down into calm acquiescence with the re-establishment of pre-war conditions.

Roosevelt, facing an election in five months' time, sees that other battle—the battle of ideas—almost within sight and sound.

He may, being human, possess the faults and frailties inevitable in a spirit encased in flesh. But at least he and Henry Wallace, his chief lieutenant, can sometimes see the present as being a part of eternity.

They, now and then, even amid the heat and turmoil of party politics, sense the shoals on to which mankind is drifting and see the harbour into which, if wisely guided, mankind can be steered.

LESSON OF THE WAR

War and peace, we know now, lead one into the other. The sort of war we wage decides the sort of peace into which a cessation of hostilities will be made. The policy pursued while the battle continues will govern the policy followed when victory comes.

Already the artful are clamouring for "the punishment of the war guilty" and leaving it at that. They know that in the clamour for revenge against our enemies the basis of lasting peace—economic equality and the pooling of resources—will be forgotten.

And if that happens, the days of the extremes of wealth and poverty, of privilege and subjugation will begin again.

We have learned during the four years that began in the exaltation following Dunkirk that if bent to a passionless purpose the meanest of men can rise to the highest heights of self-sacrifice and altruism. We learned that it is not in our rulers but among the ordinary men and women of the land that the greatness of a people is found.

That, as Victory approaches, must not be forgotten.

The determination and nobility of mien that will have reduced Hitler and his gang to submission can yet defeat the forces of self-interest that will line up in front of us when the Nazis have fled.

That is the real lesson of this war.

It is not only the most vital conflict that has ever called upon the courage of the unsung heroes of the back streets and the small houses. It is a conflict that must go on until "all men live in freedom, reaping the just rewards of their honest toil."

Otherwise, the war will have been fought in vain and victory will prove barren and empty.

Hannen Swaffer

Voice of the Troops

ENOUGH to chill the blood is this story from Flying Officer W. M. Howes, Royal Canadian Air Force, to a friend at Grosvenor Place, Rathmines, Dublin:

We were six hundred miles out in an anti-sub. sweep, and when we turned to come home that night we ran into heavy icing conditions. Our speed was cut from 180 to 135 and we were forced down to 1,000 ft.

Next, number four engine quit, and the radio antennæ iced up and broke off.

My airspeed indicator then stopped, and Abe (the navigator) had to call off the speed from the nose of the machine. So things were not so good.

We dumped our bombs, guns, radio and everything else in sight.

Our rudders had frozen solid, but I got "the Beast" (the tail gunner) to fire off the rear turret, and that shook some ice off and gave us a couple of inches of movement.

I told the crew to bale out over the airport, as the 'plane was now almost unmanageable.

The second pilot and I were going to have one try at landing on the field, and if that failed we would jump, too.

Meanwhile, they had seen our distress flares and got the crash truck and ambulance all ready. But, after all, we managed to land safely, if somewhat heavily.

Luckily, you soon forget these little bits of excitement, and we were up again two days later.

GREAT LITTLE PAL

Serving with an Australian Commando Squadron in New Guinea, Sigm. J. F. Powell writes to a friend at Chapel House Road, Nelson, Lancs:

A little native boy has attached himself to me and we are very good friends. His name is Zanobi, and he does my washing, tidies up the place, makes beds, cooks, washes up, runs messages and grins happily all the time. Service with a smile, indeed!

He was tickled pink the other day when I did a sketch of him, of which he is now the proud owner. I have taught him how to cut designs out of paper, as we did when we were kids; and young Zanobi thinks that I am pretty good at most things.

I want to teach him to swim, but he is a bit scared of the water. A great little pal to have about the place!

Dive-bombed, encircled and sleepless, our troops in Burma beat the Japanese with the help of the R.A.F.

TOUGH GOING

"Here is another description of the fighting in Burma. Sgt. D. H. B. Millward writes to his family at Drury Lane, Buckley, near Chester:

We have had a warm time and put up a good show to the discomfiture of the Japs. For many nights we slept when we could in the trenches, and that was not often. For ten days I never took my boots off.

During that very "tough" period we were subjected to dive-bombing, shelling, mortar and machine-gun fire, but we and our friends the R.A.F. hit back hard and strong, and we came through.

It was a great day when our own dive-bombers came over by the score, and dealt with the force of Japs that had been making things uncomfortable for us.

To add to the thrills during the period when we were "cut off" for several days we were dependent on the supplies which were dropped to us by parachute from R.A.F. transport planes. Great boys those youngsters in the R.A.F.!

THEY CALL IT FOOTBALL

Football match in West Africa! Description by Pte. S. A. Bush, in a letter to his wife at Talbot Road, Brislington, Bristol:

Soccer is played all the year round by the West African natives who are eager, if not orthodox, players. Fine sportsmen they are, too, though a little excitable.

The spectators are as much a part of the game as the players, and sometimes seem more active. When a goal is scored they dash on to the field in full cry, throwing their hats up in the air and doing a sort of war dance.

This holds up the game until they are all cleared off the field, but it adds to the fun. The advice of the spectators would sound a bit queer on the Arsenal ground at home, and it goes like this:

"Pass the ball I beg of you!" "Kick it one-time, I pray!" or "Wake up, I beseech you!" But they also make rude noises when a player fails to please them!

That Blessed Word—Practical

YOU'LL sometimes see on carts or on boards at the sides of house doors the startling inscription, "J. W. So-and-So and Sons, *Practical Chimney-sweeps.*"

What on earth is a *practical* chimney-sweep? I mean, how does he differ from just a chimney-sweep?

I suppose it's a sly dig at the other fellow who carries on a similar business down the road. "We know the business from A to Z. We can *sweep* chimneys. We're *practical.*"

Implying that the fellow down the road doesn't know the business from A to Z, that he can't really sweep chimneys because he's not practical.

★ ★ ★

But if there's anything in this, then how does the fellow down the road stay in business? I know of a number of sweeps who make no special claim to be anything out of the ordinary. They don't assert, on their boards and the sides of their carts, that they are practical. And yet they've managed to keep going for years.

If they're not practical, what are they? Specialists in chimney-sweeping theory? Consulting chimney-sweeps?

It's a very mysterious affair. Only sweeps go in for these fine shades. You don't find such strange distinctions on other people's boards and carts.

You never see the startling inscription, "John Brown, Practical Pork Sausage Dealer." Even now, in these days of empty shelves and empty windows, when the other fellow down *his* road could in truth claim to be "Tom Thingummy, Pork Sausage Dealer in Theory."

Nobody claims to be a Practical Doctor. Or a Practical Dentist. Or a Practical Jeweller.

Nobody claims to be a Practical Solicitor.

Nobody shouts that they can sell you Practical Petrol out of Practical Pumps. Or Practical Lead Pencils. Or bottles of Practical Ink.

Jockeys who happen to be feeling a bit la-la don't describe themselves as Practical Jockeys. We don't have Practical Candidates on election day.

You don't ask for a written guarantee when you buy a hat that it's a Practical Hat. No newspaper claims to be a Practical Newspaper. No funny man bills himself as a Practical Comic.

It's only sweeps. And perhaps tailors.

Perhaps it's done with the idea of putting the wind up you?

★ ★ ★

It would be pretty awful to think that when the chap you'd booked was halfway through his job the top might come off his brush and stick up there for ever. Or that the bottom might fall out of his sack. That he wasn't *practical.*

But in that case why don't they all claim to be Practical? They don't. Some are quite satisfied to be just chimney-sweeps.

So what *is* just a chimney-sweep?

I'm beginning to worry.

A. G.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if an adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

OFF THE RATION

As you'd expect, C.Q.M.S. Ivor Davies found plenty of tea in Assam. He writes to his parents at Townsend House, Sawbridgeworth, Herts:

On Sunday we had a long day out at a tea plantation. So for the first time I have seen how a "pukka sahib" lives, and it is not too bad, either!

The bungalow, set in a garden laid out with English flowers and shrubs, took our breath away with its magnificence.

On the verandah were luxurious chairs into which we collapsed. This was the signal for a multitude of bearers to dash forward with trays of cold drinks, cigarettes and what would you! Those drinks were like ambrosia to thirsty souls.

When we had rested we were shown round—three thousand acres of tea! A generous sample will come to you when I find an airtight tin.

The tea-plucking is done by girls who earn 9d. a day. Think of it, six days' work for 4s. 6d.!

. . . You may not believe it, but after six years' service I have been given a medal! That is not strictly true as I had to *buy* the ribbon in the bazaar at a scandalous price. The medal is the 1939-43 Star, so now I'm a real soldier.

Merchant Navy Forum

Can't Keep a Good Thing Down!

NOW, at long last, the Ministry of War Transport has adopted as a standard design for all ships an unsinkable lifeboat which cannot be capsized even at an angle of 100 degrees!

It was devised by Francis H. Lowe, joint managing director of Lamport and Holt, Liverpool.

For two years Mr. Lowe worked on plans and models, testing scale miniature craft in a domestic bath; in the end he produced the perfect ship's lifeboat, fo'c'sle—covered to 25 per cent. of its entire length, poop—covered to 15 per cent.

It carries an unshippable rudder, has a fresh water storage capacity of 93 gallons. It can be dropped plumb from a ship's falls, nose-dived into the sea, weighted under water—but, like a seaman, it always surfaces on an even keel . just another of those Good Things you *can't* keep down, no matter how hard you try!

The Lowe lifeboat, like British merchant seamen, always comes up on top. In the opinion of shipping experts it is "the safest craft in the world." And its designer has said of his magnificent achievement: "If it is the means of saving *one* life my two years' work was worth it."

Already the Lowe lifeboat has saved dozens of brave lives.

FORUM extends its thanks and the thanks of thousands of Red Duster men to Francis H Lowe, whose invention equals if not passes all that Sam Plimsoll ever achieved!

We do so the more readily because FORUM has for two years crusaded for really dependable life-saving gear for the brave men who have made Britain's resistance—and the present massive operations—possible.

ITS LATHER STAYS ACTIVE AND MOIST RIGHT TO THE END OF THE SHAVE

7½D PER STICK (includes purchase tax)

✷ Include one in the parcels you send to your menfolk in the Services

LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED
E 371-757-65

YEAST VITE

N.F.S. MAN'S PRAISE

Wilts.
April 17th, 1944.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write and tell you about the wonderful benefits I have derived from taking your really marvellous Yeast-Vite tablets. They made a new man of me.

I was a total wreck, as a result of a nervous breakdown brought about by Blitz experience whilst serving with the N.F.S. But I decided to give your Yeast-Vite a trial. I bless the day I did. By the time I had the first bottle finished I knew I was on the road to complete recovery.

Now my fears are gone, my depression is no more, and I have just finished the third bottle.

I thank you for making Yeast-Vite tablets available.

(Sgd.) C. L.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatic pains, Nerve pains, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/4 or 3/3 size bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets from your Chemist. Do not blame him if he is temporarily out of stock; he is doing his best in these difficult times and his supplies are limited to 1/4 & 3/3 sizes (including purchase tax).

Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford.

A clean bloodstream is to the body what high grade petrol is to the Spitfire. Therefore—
—every morning take
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

THE FAMOUS BLANCO WHITE CLEANER FOR WHITE CANVAS & BUCKSKIN SHOES, IS ALSO MADE AS A LIQUID IN BOTTLES

There's Nothing Better

Warning Joseph Pickering & Son Ltd., Bradford, England are sole proprietors and manufacturers of "BLANCO" Brand White Cleaner. No other White Cleaners are called "BLANCO" nor may they be sold in "BLANCO."

LAST LAUGH

D. F. (Watford).—"What will be our chief exports after the war?" The present indications are young women to America as wives.

F. G. (Bristol).—"In the long history of the earth this war is merely an incident." With the accent on the "dent."

D. F. (Hove).—"Even the ban brings some advantages to seaside residents." Keeps out distant relatives who feel they *must* see you—in the holiday season?

T. C. (Glasgow).—"When I got married, my boss presented me with an electric alarm clock." He probably decided on this gift after consulting your time cards.

W. G. (Dumfries).—"I am dedicating my book of poems to my mother-in-law." That's certainly one way of getting your own back!

F. K. (Margate).—"Laughing jackasses were broadcast in Australia recently." We have the same trouble in this country. As yet there is no set capable of tuning out the studio audience.

D. M. (Preston).—"Life in prison is affected very little by the war." Warders man the walls to prevent escapists breaking in.

E. K. (Rye).—"A food expert says that soup is not warming." Few waiters in the course of their duties suffer from scalded thumbs.

GEORGE (Bude).—"You may think my letters are stupid. . . ." Thanks, but we have done so for some time without your permission.

CRICKETER (Sussex).—"I have been bowling googlies for the same club for the last twenty-seven years" But not without a break?

D. N. (Lowestoft).—"Whatever do you do in your London office when the weather is hot and sultry." Perspire.

T. A. (Carlisle).—"When my wife goes into a huff, she doesn't speak to me for weeks at a time." Some married men have all the luck.

S. L. (Hull).—"Does Germany also have large salvage dumps?" Well, that is where most of Hitler's generals go.

NATURALIST (Epping).—"Do you realise that even ants go in for sport like human beings?" Oh, yes, we once sat down on one of their race meetings at a picnic.

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Busby! Yes, I remembah! You were my batman for a time in the last war!"

"Yes, sir. Remember Armistice night, when yer climbed the water tower with a big drum and refused to stop beatin' it?"

Side-Slips

BUXTON HERALD:—"If a FAN has a badly broken leg . . ."

BOURNEMOUTH ECHO:—". . . a brother of the late Admiral of the FEET . . ."

MACCLESFIELD TIMES: — "Mr. F. W—— REHIRED at Easter after 57½ years' continuous service . . ."

SUNDAY PICTORIAL:—"Hour by HAIR, night and day . . ."

NOTTINGHAM GUARDIAN:—"Chrysanthemums which have come through rather MILK winter . . ."

LEICESTER MAIL: —". . . Axis casualties had been almost double those of the AXIS . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Can you spare a moment during this week of national tension to think of the Finch family?

Father has been unemployed for fourteen months owing to ill-health. His Army papers show that he served for sixteen years, winning the North-West Frontier medal, and was discharged with an exemplary character.

Mother and the boy, aged ten, were injured in an accident and have both been in hospital.

Their total income is at present £3 3s. a week. Rent takes 10s. 6d., insurance 1s. 10d.

Bad health and unemployment have forced them into debt and there are heavy expenses to be met for special diet, chemist and doctor's bills.

Although Mr. Finch has just started work again in the local dockyard, his wife fears that he is still unfit for the job and that it will be short-lived.

The Finches live at Rochester, a town much loved by one of the most charitable men who ever lived—Charles Dickens. He would have helped this deserving family—will you?

Through our local investigator we are sure that your kindness is merited, and if you can send a donation to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, it will go into the pool devoted to cases like the Finches whose names are on our books.

Where letters accompany subscriptions we'll gladly acknowledge them; anonymous gifts are just as welcome, and on request a list of the current week's contributions will be forwarded.

Please remember that we foot the bill for all administrative expenses—your money goes in full to the war sufferers.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

First Prize £200—"BULLETS" 1,428

H. Phillips, "Rivoli," Woodland Drive, Rogerstone, Mon., for this "Bullet":—

THE CROOKED CROSS "BUTCHER'S" EMBLEM, NOT "SHEPHERD'S"

£20: A. E. Stamper, 20, Hasfield Rd., Liverpool
War-time Bride—Parson Blessed Foreman Didn't!

£10: Mrs. Liddiard, 151, Hilltop, West Bromwich, Staffs.
When Hitler Goes—May "Good" Fellow "Riddance"

£5: R. Ross, 97, Mona Road, W. Bridgford, Notts.
The Crooked Cross—On "Mountain Of Stuff"

£4: Mrs. M. Wheeldon, 99, Slack Lane, Burnage, Manchester.
Straw In The Wind—"Broomstick" Dame Rumour Rides.

£3: A. E. Payne, 15, Wakefield Road, Brighton.
When Hitler Goes—Forelock For Germania's Locks!

£2: E. Barrell, c/o 46a, Russell Street, Belfast.
Led To The Slaughter—Nations—Made Own Halter

DOUBLE FIRST, 100 CAKES Next Page

20s.: F. W. Handy, 47, Victor St., Heavitree, Exeter.
Our Bit—"Boring"? Try Tommy's "Drill"

20s.: D. MacCormack, 53, Church Street, Dundee.
War In The Queue—Somebody Tried "Out-flanking" Auntie!

24s.: F. L. Gatenby, 247, Liverpool Road, Cadishead, Nr. Manchester.
Thing To Remember—When Franco "Caricatured" Britannia.

22s.: C. Haythorpe, 59, Rock Street, Oldham.
Filled To Overflowing—Anonymous Postcard—Sandy Suspected!

20s.: C. Waterworth, 4, Beech Street, Bamber Bridge, Coine, Lancs.
The Grocer Smiled And—Sight-seers Formed Another Queue!

A list of 25 winners of 10s. can be seen at our offices; 1,000 Merit Awards have been made.

OVER 270 PRIZES WON IN "LAUGH-LINES" 170

Most meritorious entries were decided by Mind & Action Committee to be those bearing the initial LETTERS in order H—C—B—A entered by the following 11 competitors who thus share £25: Dvr. B. H. Brown, R.A.S.C., Somewhere-in-Britain; J. J. Cooper, Hitchin; J. Cornacia, Hounslow; C. Dawson, Stamford Hill; A. Eke, Accrington; S. B. Nicholson, Grimsby; W. J. Roberts, Bugle; P. Rush, Warwick; R. W. Silverwood, Tullibody; J. Swinnerton, Liverpool; A. White, Hodbeach.

Award for 1st Runners-up shared between competitors with FIRST THREE letters in order shown and FIRST TWO. Runners-up Awards for 229 entrants with FIRST TWO.

CROSSWORD RESULT IN "GAZETTE."

Over 250 Photographs from the war fronts

THE FOURTH YEAR OF WAR IN PICTURES

STALINGRAD REPELS THE HUN—NORTH AFRICA from El Alamein to Cape Bon—THE TERROR IN POLAND—Red Army Victories in Ukraine and Caucasus—R.A.F. RAIDS ON BERLIN, ESSEN, etc.—DAM BUSTING by the R.A.F.—CHINESE VICTORIES OVER JAPS—Enemy cleared from N. Africa—ALLIES IN ITALY—GERMANS IN THEIR BLITZ.

These are just a few of the stirring events of the fourth year of war, once-recorded, in this tremendous, entirely new work—256 pages and 260 photographs, including pictures taken under fire and photographs secured from inside Germany and the Occupied Countries. "John Bull" advises its readers to obtain a copy of its great new work—"The Fourth Year of War in Pictures"—while supplies are still available. Supplies are strictly limited.

Standard Edition Blue Bookcloth with title in Gold on spine. Cost only 5s. 9d., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

De Luxe Edition Rich Scarlet Leathercloth with title in real Gold on spine. Sold only 8s. 6d., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

Do This Now! Fill in Order-Label. Indicate Edition required and send with Postal Order for correct amount to: Odhams Press Ltd., "Fourth Year of War in Pictures," Book Dept., J.H.3, Kings Langley, Herts. Make P.O. payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./. This offer applies only in Gt. Britain, N. Ireland and Eire. Readers of these in Ireland or Eire, country should be stated on Label.

BOOK WITH CARE CARRIAGE PAID HOME

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....

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Write out address not required

If undelivered return to Book Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., Kings Langley, Herts.

W.B.A. J.H.3 17/6/44

The first thing that everyone should know about venereal diseases is that they can be avoided—by clean living. They are spread by sexual intercourse. The germs of these diseases cannot appear in the body of their own accord. Nor can they be carried through the air like the germs of colds.

Syphilis and Gonorrhœa. Syphilis is a dangerous, a killing disease. If not treated early, skilfully and completely it can cause death or total disablement in early middle life. Unless an infected mother is treated early in pregnancy, she can pass on syphilis to her unborn child, and may cause it to be born dead, or to die early in infancy. Gonorrhœa is also serious, and may cause arthritis, chronic ill-health, and inability to have children.

What are the signs of V.D.? The first sign of syphilis is a small ulcer on or near the sex organs; it appears from 10-90 days — usually 3 or 4 weeks — after infection. Gonorrhœa first shows as a discharge from the sex organs, usually from 2-10 days after infection.

How is V.D. caught? In adults, almost always through sexual intercourse with an infected person. The passing of the disease in any other way is so uncommon that it need not be feared. Professional prostitutes are not the only spreaders of these diseases; anyone who has sexual relations with a casual acquaintance risks picking up syphilis or gonorrhœa. Clean living is the real safeguard.

Where V.D. can be cured. V.D. can be cured if treated early by a specialist doctor; self-treatment is useless and may be disastrous. A specialist's advice and treatment are FREE at any V.D. clinic: any doctor will give the addresses or they may be found on posters in public conveniences. Clinics are open daily and also on some evenings. There is usually no need to stay away from work during treatment. No operation is necessary except in rare cases. Disappearance of early symptoms does not necessarily mean a cure. It is essential to continue treatment until the doctor says it may safely be stopped. Anyone who has the slightest reason to suspect V.D. should seek skilled medical treatment AT ONCE. Treatment is confidential.

FURTHER INFORMATION IN CONFIDENCE can be obtained from your local Council's Health Department, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock Sq., W.C.1, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.
(VD 31-15)

DOUBLED FIRST AND 4lb. CAKES FOR BULLETS

£100 100 4lb. FRUIT CAKES

OTHER PRIZES £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 30/- 36 34/- 32 30/- 1,000 MERIT AWARDS

STIRRING, indeed, are these historic days of June, 1944—yet a half-hour's relaxation, when possible, is as vital to you as ever.

Spend that half-hour's leisure on *Bullets* and it can be worth as much as £100 to you this week. Yes, that DOUBLED FIRST, any of the other cheques, or one of those 100 delicious 4-lb. Fruit Cakes, is well within your reach even if you have never entered a *Bullet* before.

See that your coupon below is posted not later than Monday, June 26, and that £100 First Prize Joy Wire may soon be on its way to you!

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any *Example* below.

For instance, Fl/Sgt. Sharpe, of the R.A.A.F., selected from a recent list the *Example*: OH FOR THE DAY WHEN. Upon that *Example* he built this First Prize *Bullet*: OH FOR THE DAY WHEN —CHURCH INSPIRING AS CHURCHILL!

For further guidance, see this week's winning list on page 14.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bullets charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces initials if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated July 15, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE" BELOW

FACE OF GERMANY
ALEXANDER'S BAND
FLAG OF SURRENDER
THE WAR MACHINE
MILITARY DISASTER
EVERYWHERE HE GOES
WONDERFUL ACHIEVEMENT
SEEMS INEVITABLE
BLESSINGS OF PEACE
CLOSING IN
ALMOST FORGOTTEN
GOOD HOME
WON'T BE EASY
ANOTHER DAY
HOT NEWS

"IT'S TWINS!"
WHAT SHE WANTED
HONOUR THE BRAVE AND TERRIFYING
THEY'RE NEWLYWEDS, SO

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

WHEN THE ..... COMES
POOR .....
NOT WORTH .....
COMMON .....
THE NEW .....
MADE HITLER .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets," my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated July 3. IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank coupon below.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
"BULLETS" No. 1,432

Signed .....
Address .....

LAST DAY TO POST ENTRY—MONDAY, JUNE 26

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,432—"JOHN BULL" LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

The Engagement H. SAMUEL "LUCKY" Victory Wedding Rings in Solid Gold

"Him"—the best gift is an H. SAMUEL Signet Ring in solid gold.

H. SAMUEL 99 Branches

A Natural Corrective

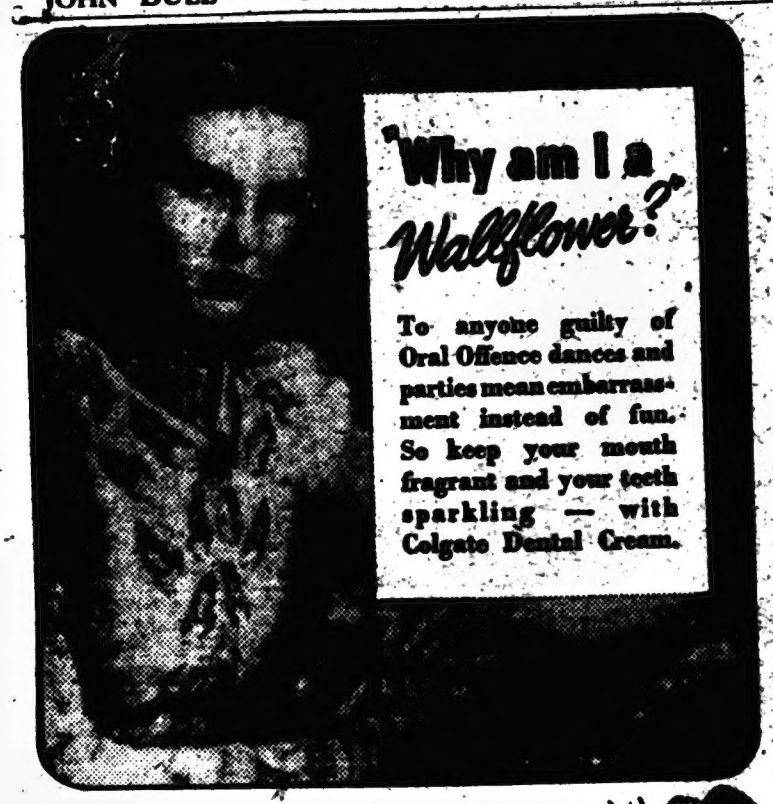
Lixen—the palatable, easy-to-take laxative has a gentle, natural action which is at once effective and without painful after-effects. It is prepared from senna pods by a special process which renders its mild, aperient action equally pleasant for old or young.

LIXEN ELIXIR in bott., 2/3, 3/11
LIXEN LOZENGES fruit flavoured in bottles, 1/5.
Purchase Tax included.
Made in England by ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.

LIXEN Laxative

2/5

Think in-STEAD


"Why am I a Wallflower?"
To anyone guilty of Oral Offence dances and parties mean embarrassment instead of fun. So keep your mouth fragrant and your teeth sparkling — with Colgate Dental Cream.

Oral Offence is the embarrassing result of neglecting to keep your mouth fragrant by failing to keep your teeth clean. Its main cause is decaying food particles between the teeth. *Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream ends Oral Offence—instantly!*

Play Safe!

USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY

1/1 *Including Tax*

WILLS'S

CAPSTAN

CIGARETTES

The Good-tempered

SHEFFIELD

It isn't possible to make a better razor blade than the Laurel. Only the finest Sheffield steel is used for these blades, which are processed by the skilled workers in the 'home of the cutting edge.' Save as you shave and invest your shaving savings in War Savings Stamps.

LAUREL

Made by George Laurence Ltd., of Sheffield

CVS-43

Nerves and Digestion?

..more Vitamin B

DOCTORS know that if your Nerves are to keep steady and strong during these trying times; if, in fact, your Nervous System is to be nourished properly, your food must contain greater supplies than ever of the essential Vitamin B . . . and they know that the richest natural source of this life-giving Vitamin is *pure* 'LIVE' *Yeast.*

PHILLIPS Todie Yeast is LIVE Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS contains 17 times more Vitamin B, than ½-lb. Beef Steak—and you get extra nourishment from all your food.

Take PHILLIPS Yeast with your meals, you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS. It gives LIFE AND VITALITY to all.

A DOCTOR writes:
"I am having most excellent results from your preparation—far exceeding any other Yeast."

Ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST the Yeast WITHOUT DRUGS

All Chemists 1/3, 3/- Tablets

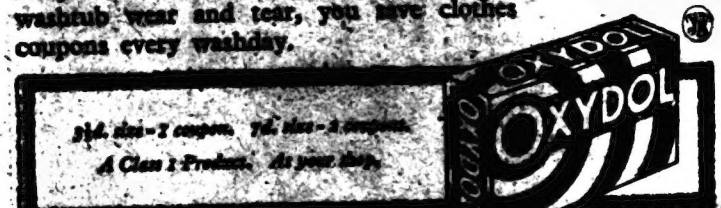
Phillips TONIC YEAST

—It's LIFE ITSELF!

BUSY BUBBLE'S HELPING HAND

MAKE DO AND MEND WASHDAY WISDOM

If your linen wears out quicker than it should blame it on wrong washing—and then do something about it. Change to Oxydol, the famous granulated soap. The smooth, easy way in which Oxydol's Busy Bubble lather washes clothes will delight and surprise you. Safely and gently all dirt comes away without hard rubbing and scrubbing. Yes, by stopping washtub wear and tear, you save clothes coupons every washday.



THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

Mother! Child's Best Laxative Is 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. This laxative regulates the tender little bowels easily and safely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels without cramping or over-acting. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6.

How to get a MACLEAN SHAVE

Just try the quick lathering properties of Maclean Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effects on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Maclean gives you the easiest, smoothest shave you ever enjoyed.

1 Wet the beard thoroughly.
2 Put a little cream on your chin with finger tip.
3 Lather with plenty of water on brush.

per 1/3 JAR

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